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THE INSATIATE Countesse.

LONDON,

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THE INSATIATE Counteſſe.

The Counteſſe of *Swevia* diſcouered ſitting at a Table couered with blacke, on which ſtands two black Tapers lighted, ſhe in mourning.

Enter ROBERTO *Count of Cypres*, GVIDO *Count of Arſena, and Signior* MIZALDVS.

Mizaldus.

WHat ſhould we doe in this Counteſſes darke hole? Shee's ſullenly retyred, as the Turtle: Euery day has beene a blacke day with her ſince her husband died, and what ſhould wee vnruly members make here?

Guid. As melancholy night masques vp heauens face,
So doth the Euening-ſtarre preſent her ſelfe
Vnto the carefull ſhepheards gladſome eyes,
By which vnto the fold he leades his flocke.

Mizald. Zounds what a ſheepiſh beginning is here? 'tis ſaid true, Loue is ſimple; and it may well hold, and thou art a ſimple Louer.

Rober. See how yond ſtarre like beauty in a cloud,
Illumines darkneſſe, and beguiles the Moone
Of all her glory in the firmament.

Mizal. Well ſaid Man i'th Moone. Was euer ſuch Aſtronomers?

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mers? Marry I feare none of these will fall into the right ditch.
Robert. Madame.
Count. Ha *Anna*, what are my doores vnbarr'd?
Miz. Ile assure you the way into your Ladiship is open.
Rob. And God defend that any prophane hand
Should offer sacriledge to such a Saint.
Louely *Isabella*, by this dutious kisse,
That drawes part of my soule along with it,
Had I but thought my rude intrusion
Had wak't the doue-like spleene harbour'd within you,
Life and my first borne should not satisfie
Such a transgression, worthy of a checke,
But that Immortals winke at my offence,
Makes me presume more boldly: I am come
To raise you from this so infernall sadnesse.
Isab. My Lord of Cypres, doe not mocke my griefe:
Teares are as due a Tribute to the dead,
As feare to God, and duty vnto Kings,
Loue to the Iust, or hate vnto the wicked.
Rober. Surcease.
Beleeue it is a wrong vnto the Gods:
They saile against the winde that waile the dead.
And since his heart hath wrestled with deaths pangs,
From whose sterne Caue none tracts a backward path.
Leaue to lament this necessary change,
And thanke the Gods, for they can giue as good.
Isab. I waile his losse! Sinke him ten cubites deeper,
I may not feare his resurrection:
I will be sworne vpon the holy Writ
I mourne thus feruent, 'cause he di'd no sooner:
He buried me aliue,
And mued me vp like *Cretan Dedalus*,
And with wall-ey'd Ielousie kept me from hope
Of any waxen wings to flye to pleasure.
But now his soule her *Argos* eyes hath clos'd,
And I am free as aire. You of my sexe,
In the first flow of youth vse you the sweets
Due to your proper beauties, ere the ebbe

And

And long waine of vnwelcome change ſhall come.
Faire women play: ſhe's chaſte whom none will haue.
Heere is a man of a moſt milde aſpect,
Temperate, effeminate, and worthy loue,
One that with burning ardor hath purſued me:
A donatiue he hath of euery God;
Apollo gaue him lockes, *Ioue* his high front,
The God of Eloquence his flowing ſpeech,
The femenine Deities ſtrowed all their bounties
And beauty on his face: that eye was *Iuno's*,
Thoſe lips were hers that wonne the golden Ball,
That Virgin-bluſh *Diana's*: heere they meete,
As in a ſacred Synod, My Lords, I muſt entreate
A while your wiſht forbearance.

Omnes. We obey you Lady. *Exit Guido* and *Mizald.*

Iſ. My Lord, with you I haue ſome conference. *Ma. Rob.*
I pray my Lord, do you wooe euery Lady
In this phraſe you do me?

Rob. Faireſt, till now,
Loue was an Infant in my Oratory.

Iſab. And kiſſe thus too?

Rob. I nee're was ſo kiſt, leaue thus to pleaſe,
Flames into flames, ſeas thou powr'ſt into ſeas.

Iſab. Pray frowne my Lord, let me ſee how many wiues
You'll haue. Heigh-ho, you'll bury me I ſee.

Rob. In the Swans downe, and tombe thee in mine armes.

Iſab. Then folkes ſhall pray in vaine to ſend me reſt.
Away, you're ſuch another medling Lord,

Rob. By heauen, my loue's as chaſte as thou art faire,
And both exceed compariſon: by this kiſſe,
That crownes me Monarch of another world
Superiour to the firſt: faire, thou ſhalt ſee
As vnto heauen, my loue ſo vnto thee (hand,

Iſab. Alas poore creatures, when we are once o'the falling
A man may eaſily come ouer vs.
It is as hard for vs to hide our loue,
As to ſhut ſinne from the Creators eyes.
I faith, my Lord, I had a Months minde vnto you,

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As tedious, as a full rip'd Maiden-head.
And Count of *Cypres*, thinke my loue as pure,
As the firſt opening of the bloomes in May;
Your vertues man; nay, let me not bluſh to ſay ſo:
And ſee for your ſake thus I leaue to ſorrow.
Beginne this ſubtile coniuration with mee,
And as this Taper, due vnto the dead,
I heere extinguiſh, ſo my late dead Lord
I put out euer from my memory, *Puts out the Taper.*
That his remembrance may not wrong our loue.
As bold-fac'd women when they wed another,
Banquet their husbands with their dead loues heads.

Rob. And as I ſacrifice this to his Ghoſt,
With this expire all corrupt thoughts of youth,
That flame-inſatiate deuill Iealouſie,
And all the ſparkes that may bring vnto flame,
Hate betwixt man and wife, or breed deſame.

Enter MIZALDVS *and* MENDOSA.

Guid. Marry Amen, I ſay: Madame, are you that were in for all day, now come to be in for all night? How now Count Arſena?

Miz. Faith Signior not vnlike the condemn'd malefactor,
That heares his iudgement openly pronounc'd;
But I aſcribe to Fate, Ioy ſwell your loue.
Cypres, and Willow grace my drooping creſt.

Rob. We do entend our Hymeneall rights
With the next riſing Sunne. Count Cypres,
Next to our Bride, the welcom'ſt to our feaſt.

Count. *Arſ. Sancta Maria*, what thin'ſt thou of this change?
A Players paſſion I'le beleeue hereafter,
And in a Tragicke Sceane weepe for old *Priam*.
When fell reuenging *Pirrhus* with ſuppoſde
And artificiall wounds mangles his breaſt,
And thinke it a more worthy act to me,
Then truſt a female mourning o're her loue:
Naught that is done of woman ſhall me pleaſe,
Natures ſtep-children rather her deſire.

Miz. Learne of a well compoſed Epigram,

A womans loue, and thus 'twas sung vnto vs:
The Tapers that stood on her husbands hearse,
Isabell aduances to a second bed:
Is it not wondrous strange for to rehearse
Shee should so soone forget her husband dead;
One houre? for if the husbands life once fade,
Both loue and husband in one graue are laid.
But we forget our selues, I am for the marriage
Of Signior *Claridiana*, and the fine Mris. *Abigall.*

Count. Arse. I for his arch-foes wedding Signior *Rogero*, and the spruce Mris. *Thais:* but see, the solemne rites are ended, and from their seuerall Temples they are come.

Mizald. A quarrell on my life.

Enter at one dore Signior CLARIDIANA, ABIGAL *his wife, the Lady* LENTVLVS *with Rosemary as from Church. At the other dore Signior* ROGERO *and* THAIS *his wife,* MENDOSA FOSCARII, *Nephew to the Duke, from the Bridall, they see one another, and draw, Count* Arsena *and others step betweene them.*

Clarid. Good my Lord detaine me not, I will tilt at him.

Rogero. Remember, Sir, this is your wedding day,
And that triumph belongs onely to your wife.

Rogero. If you be noble, let me cut of his head.

Clarid. Remember o'the other side, you haue a Maidenhead of your owne to cut off.

Rog. I'le make my marriage day like to the bloudy bridall *Alcides* by the fiery Centaures had.

Thais. Husband, deere Husband!

Rog. Away with these catterwallers.
Come on sir. *Clarid.* Thou sonne of a Iew.

Guid. Alas poore wench, thy husband's circumcis'd.

Clarid. Begot when thy fathers face was toward th'East,
To shew that thou would'st proue a Caterpiller:
His Messias shall not saue thee from me,
I'le send thee to him in Collops.

Arsen. O fry not in choler so Sir.

Roger.

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Roger. Mountebancke with thy Pedanticall action,
Rimatrix, Buglors, Rhimocers.

Mend. Gentlemen, I coniure you
By the vertues of men.

Rog. Shall any broken Quacksaluers Bastard oppose him to me in my Nuptials? No, but I'le shew him better Mettall then e're the Gallemawfrey his father vsed. Thou scumme of his melting pots, that wert christned in a Crusoile, with *Mercuries* water, to shew thou would'st proue a stinging Aspis; for all thou spitst is *Aqua fortis*, and thy breath is a compound of poysons stillatory: If I get within thee, hadst thou the scaly hyde of a Crocodile, as thou art partly of his nature, I would leaue thee as bare as an Anatomy at the second veiwing.

Clarid, Thou Iew, of the Tribe of *Gad*, that sure, there were none heere but thou and I, would'st teach me the Art of breathing, thou would'st runne like a Dromidarie.

Rog. Thou that art the tal'st man of Christendome, when thou art alone, if thou dost maintaine this to my face, I'le make thee slip like an Ounce.

Mend. Nay, good sir, be you still.

Rog. Let the Quacksaluers sonne be still:
His father was still, and still, and still againe.

Clarid. By the Almighty I'le study Negromancy but I'le be reueng'd.

Arsen. Gentlemen, leaue these dissentions,
Signior *Rogero*, you are a man of worth.

Clarid. True, all the Citie points at him for a Knaue.

Arsen. You are of like reputation Signior *Claridiana:*
The hatred twixt your Grand-sires first beganne,
Impute it to the folly of that age.
These you dissentions may erect a faction,
Like to the *Capulets* and *Montagues.*

Mend. Put it to equall arbitration, choose your friends,
The Senators will thinke 'em happy in't.

Miz. I'le ne'er embrace the smoake of a Furnace, the quintessence of minerall or simples, or as I may say more learnedly, nor the spirit of Quicke-siluer. (all a Iew.

Clarid. Nor such a Centaure, halfe a man, halfe an Asse, and

Arsen.

Arsen. Nay, then we will be Constables, and force a quiet: Gentlemen, keepe'em assunder, and helpe to perswade'em. *Exeunt the Mo Manet Thais. and Mo*

Mend. Well Ladies, your Husbands behaue'em as lustily on their wedding daies, as e're I heard any. Nay Lady widow, you and I must haue a falling: you're of Signior *Mizaldus* faction, and I am your vowed enemy, from the bodkin to the pincase. Harke in your eare.

Abig. Well *Thais*, O you're a cunning caruer: We two that any time these fourteene yeares haue called sisters, brought and bred vp together: that haue told one another all our wanton dreames, talkt all night long of yong men, and spent many an idle houre, fasted vpon the stones on S. *Agnes* night together, practised all the petulant amorousnesses that delights yong Maides, yet haue you conceal'd not onely the marriage, but the man: and well you might deceiue me, for I'le be sworne you neuer dream'd of him, and it stands against all reason you should enioy him you neuer dream'd of.

Thais. Is not all this the same in you? Did you euer manifest your Sweet-harts nose, that I might nose him by't? commended his calfe, or his nether lip? apparant signes that you were not in loue or wisely couered it. Haue you euer said, such a man goes vpright, or has a better gate then any of the rest, as indeed since he is proued a *Magnifico*, I though: thou wouldst haue put it into my hands what e're th'ad beene.

Abig. Well wench, we haue crosse fates: our Husbands such inuetrate foes, and we such entire friends, but the best is we are neighbours, and our back Arbors may afford visitation freely: prethee let vs maintain our familiarity stil whatsoeuer thy husband do vnto thee, as I am afraid he will crosse it i'the nicke.

Thais. Faith, you little one, if I please him in one thing, he shall please me in all, that's certaine. Who shall I haue to keepe my counsell if I misse thee? who shall teach me to vse the bridle, when the reynes are in mine owne hand? why, we two are one anothers grounds, without which would be no Musicke.

Abig. Well said wench, and the Prick-song we vse shall be our husbands.

Thais. I will long for Swines-flesh o'th the first childe.

Abig, Wilt'ou little Iew? And I to kisse thy husband

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Vpon the least belly-ake. This will mad'em.

Thais. I kisse thee wench for that, and with it confirme our friendship. *Mend.* By these sweet lips Widow.

Lady Lent. Good my Lord learne to sweare by roate:
Your birth and fortune makes my braine suppose,
That like a man heated with wines and lust,
Shee that is next your obiect is your Mate,
Till the foule water haue quencht out the fire.
You the Dukes kinsman, tell me, I am yong,
Faire, rich, and vertuous; I my selfe will flatter
My selfe, till you are gone, that are more faire,
More rich, more vertuous, and more debonaire:
All which are ladders to an higher reach:
Who drinkes a puddle that may taste a spring?
Who kisse a subiect that may hugge a King?

Mend. Yes, the channell alwaies drinkes the puddle water,
And as for huggings reade Antiquities.
Faith, Madame, I'le boord thee one of these daies.

Lady. I, but ne'er bed mee my Lord: my vow is firme
Since God hath called me to this noble state,
Much to my griefe, of vertuous Widow-hood,
No man shall euer come within my gates.

Mend. Wilt thou ram vp thy porch-hold? O widow, I per-
You're ignorant of the Louers legerdemane. (ceine
There's a fellow that by Magicke will assist
To murther Princes inuisible, I can command his spirit.
Or what say you to a fine scaling Ladder of ropes?
I can tell you, I am a mad wag-halter:
But by the vertue I see seated in you,
Aud by the worthy fame is blazon'd of you,
By little *Cupid*, that is mighty nam'd,
And can command my looser follies downe,
I loue, and must enioy, yet with such limits,
As one that knowes enforced marriage
To bee the Furies sister. Thinke of mee. *Amb.* Ha, ha, ha.

Mend. How now Lady, does the toy take you, as they say?

Abig. No, my Lord, nor do we take your toy, as they say.
This is a childes birth, that must not be deliuered before a man;

Though

Though your Lordship might be a Mid-wife for your chinne.

Mend. Some bawdy riddle is't not? you long til't be night.

Thais. No, my Lord, womens longing comes after their marriage night. Sister, see you be constant now.

Abig. Why, dost thinke I'le make my husband Cuckold? O heere they come.

Enter at seuerall dores Count Arsena, *with* CLARIDIANA: GVIDO, *with* ROGERO, *at another dore,* MENDOSA *meetes them.*

Mend. Signior *Rogero*, are you yet qualified?

Rog. Yes: does any man thinke I'le go like a sheepe to the slaughter? Hands off my Lord, your Lordship may chance come vnder my hands: If you doe, I shall shew my selfe a Citizen, and reuenge basely.

Clarid. I thinke if I were receiuing the holy Sacrament
His sight would make me gnash my teeth terribly:
But there's the beauty without paralell, *To Abigall.*
In whom the Graces and the Vertues meete:
In her aspect milde Honour sits and smiles:
And who lookes there, were it the sauage Beare,
But would deriue new nature from her eyes.
But to be reconcil'd simply for him,
Were mankind to be lost againe, I'de let it,
And a new heape of stones should stocke the world,
In heauen and earth this power beauty hath,
It inflames Temp'rance, and temp'rates Wrath:
What ere thou art, mine art thou wise or chaste:
I shall set hard vpon thy marriage vow,
And write reuenge high in thy Husbands brow,
In a strange Character. You may beginne sir.

Mend. Signior *Claridiana*, I hope Signior *Rogero*
Thus employed me about a good office,
'Twere worthy *Ciceroes* tongue, a famous Oration now:
But friendship that is mutually embraced of the Gods,
And is *Ioues* Vsher to each sacred Synod,
Without the which hee could not raigne in heauen,

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That ouer-goes my admiration shall not vnder-go my censure.
These hote flames of rage, that else will be
As fire midst your nuptiall Iollity,
Burning the edge off from your present Ioy,
And keepe you wake to terrour.

Clarid. I haue not yet swallowed the Rhimatrix nor the Onocentaure, the Rimocheros was monstrous.

Arsen. Sir, be you of the more flexible nature, and confesse an error.

Clarid. I must, the Gods of loue command,
And that bright starre, her eye, that guides my fate.
Signior *Rogero*, ioy then Signior *Rogero*.

Rog. Signior, sir, O deuill.

Thais. Good Husband shew your selfe a temp'rate man,
Your mother was a woman I dare sweare;
No Tyger got you, nor no Beare was riuall
In your conception: you seeme like the issue
The Painters limbe leaping from Enuies mouth,
That deuoures all he meeres.

Rog. Had the last, or the least Syllable
Of this more then immortall eloquence,
Commenc'd to me when rage had beene so high
Within my bloud, that it ore-topt my soule,
Like to the Lyon when he heares the sound
Of *Diana's* Bow-string in some shady wood,
I should haue coucht my lowly limbe on earth,
And held my silence a proud sacrifice.

Clarid. Slaue, I will fight with thee at any oddes:
Or name an instrument fit for destruction,
That ne'er was made to make away a man,
I'le meete thee on the ridges of the Alpes,
Or some inhospitable wilderneese,
Starke naked, at push-of-pike, or keene Curt'laxe,
At Turkish Sickle, Babilonian Sawe,
The ancient Hookes of great *Cadwallcder*,
Or any other heathen inuention.

Thais. O God blesse the man.

Lent. Counsell him good my Lord.

Mend. Our tongues are weary, and he desperate,
He does refuse to heare: What shall we doe?
Clarid. I am not mad, I can heare, I can see, I can feele.
But a wise rage in man, wrongs past compare,
Should be well nourisht, as his vertues are:
Ide haue it knowne vnto each valiant sp'rite,
He wrongs no man that to himselfe does right.
Catzo I ha' done, Signior *Rogero*, I ha' done.
Arsen. By heauen, this voluntary reconciliation made
Freely, and of it selfe, argues vnfaign'd
And vertuous knot of loue. So sirs embrace.
Rog. Sir, by the conscience of a Catholicke man,
And by our mother Church that bindes
And doth attone in amitie with God,
The soules of men, that they with men be one,
I tread into the center all the thoughts
Of ill in me, toward you, and memory
Of what from you might ought disparage me;
Wishing vnfaignedly it may sinke low,
And as vntimely births, want power to grow.
Mend. Christianly said: Signior, what would you haue more?
Clar. And so I sweare you're honest Onocentaure.
Arsen. Nay see now, fie vpon your turbulent spirit,
Did he not doo't in this forme?
Clar. If you thinke not this sufficient, you shall command me to be reconcil'd in another forme, as e Rhimatrix, or a Rimocheros.
Mend. 'Sbloud, what will you do?
Clar. Well, giue me your hands first, I am friends with you i'faith: therupon I embrace you, kisse your wife, and God giue vs ioy. *To Thais.*
Thais. You meane me and my husband.
Clar. You take the meaning better then the speech, Lady.
Roger. The like wish I, but ne'er can be the like,
And therefore wish I thee.
Clar. By this bright light that is deriu'd from thee.
Thais. So sir, you make me a very light creature.
Clar. But that thou art a blessed Angell, sent.

Downe

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Downe from the Gods t'attone mortall men,
I would haue thought deeds beyond all mens thoughts,
And executed more vpon his corpes:
Oh let him thanke the beauty of this eye,
And not his resolute sword or destiny.

Arsen. What sayst thou *Mizaldus*? come applaud this Iubile.
A day these hundred yeares before not truly knowne to these diuided factions.

Clar. No nor this day, had it been falsely borne,
But that I meane to sound it with his horne.

Miz. I lik'd the former iarre better: then they shew'd like men and Souldiers; now like Cowards and Letchers.

Arsen. Well said *Mizaldus*, thou art like a Base Violl in a Consort, let the other Instrument wish and delight in your highest sense, thou art still grumbling.

Clar. Nay, sweet receiue it, *Giues it to Abigall.*
And in it my heart.
And when thou readst a mouing syllable,
Thinke that my soule was Secretary too't.
It is my loue, and not the odious wish
Of my reuenge, in stiling him a Cuckold,
Makes me presume thus farre: then read it faire,
My passion's ample as your beauties are.

Abig. Well sir, we will not sticke with you.

Arsen. And Gentlemen since it hath hapt so fortunately,
I doe intreat we may all meet to morrow,
In some Heroicke Maske to grace the Nuptials
Of the most noble Countesse of *Swenia.*

Mend. Who does the yong Count marry?

Arsen. O sir, who but the very heire of all her sexe,
That beares the Palme of beauty from 'em all:
Others compar'd to her, shew like faint starres
To the full Moone of wonder in her face:
The Lady *Isabella*, the late Widow
To the deceast and noble Vicount *Hermus.*

Mend. Law you there, widow, there's on of the last edition,
Whose Husband yet retaines in his cold trunke
Some little airing of his noble guest,

Yet she a fresh bride as the month of May.
Lent. Well my Lord, I am none of these,
My doore shall be a testimony of it.
And but these noble Marriages incite me,
My much abstracted presence should haue shew'd it.
If you come to me, harke in your eare my Lord,
Looke your ladder of ropes be strong,
For I shall tie you to your tackling.
Arsen. Gentlemen, your answer to the masque.
Omnes. Your Honour leades, wee'l follow.
Rogero. Signior *Claridiana.*
Clarid. I attend you sir. *Exeunt omnes.*
Abigall. You'l be constant. *Manet Clarid.*
Clar. Aboue the Adamant the Goats bloud shall not breake (me,
Yet shallow fooles, and plainer mortall men,
That vnderstand not what they vndertake,
Fall in their owne snares, or come short of vengeance,
No, let the Sunne view with an open face,
And afterward shrinke in his blushing cheekes,
Asham'd, and cursing of the fixt decree,
That makes his light bawd to the crimes of men,
When I haue ended what I now deuise.
Apolloes Oracle shall sweare me wise,
Strumpet his wife, branch my false-seeming friend,
And make him foster what my hate begot,
A bastard, that when age and sickneſſe seaze him,
Shall be a cor'siue to his griping heart.
Il'e write to her, for what her modesty
Will not permit, nor my adulterate forcing,
That blushlesse Herald shall not feare to tell:
Rogero shall know yet that his foe's a man,
And what is more, a true Italian. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

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Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter ROBERTO, *Lord Cardinall*, ISABELLA, *Lady* LENTVLVS, ABIGAL *and* THAIS. *Lights.*

Roberto.

MY graue Lord Cardinall, we congratulate,
And zealously do entertaine your loue:
That from your high and diuine contemplation,
You haue vouchsaft to consummate a day
Due to our Nuptials. O, may this knot you knit
This indiuiduall Gordiant grasp of hands,
In sight of God so fairely entermixt,
Neuer be seuerd, as heauen smiles at it;
By all the Darts shot by infernall *Ioue*,
Angels of grace Amen, Amen, say to't.
Faire Lady, Widow, and my worthy Mistresse,
Do you keepe silence for a wager?

Thais. Doe you aske a woman that question my Lord,
When she inforcedly pursues what shee's forbidden?
I thinke if I had beene tyed to silence,
I should haue beene worthy the Cucking-stoole ere this time.

Rob. You shall not be my Orator (Lady) that pleads thus for your selfe.

Ser. My Lord, the Masquers are at hand.

Rob. Giue them kinde entertainment. Some worthy friends of mine, my Lord, vnknowne to me, too lauish of their loues, bring their owne welcome in a solemne Masque.

Abigall. I am glad there's Noble men i'the Masque
With our husbands to ouer-rule them,
They had sham'd vs else.

Thais. Why? for why, I pray?

Ab. Why? marry they had come in with some Citie shew else, hired a few Tinsell Coates at the Vizard makers, which would ha'made them looke, for all the world, like Bakers in their linnen bases, and mealy vizards, new come from bolting. I saw a shew once at the marriage of a *Magnificeros* daughter, presented by Time: which Time was an old bald thing, a seruant,

'twas

'twas the best man; he was a Dier, and came in likenesse of the Rain-bow in all manner of colours, to shew his Art, but the Rain-bow smelt of vrine, so we were all afraid the *property* was chang'd, and look't for a shower. Then came in after him, one that (it seem'd) fear'd no colours, a Grocer that had trim'd vp himselfe handsomly: he was Iustice, and shew'd reasons why. And I thinke this Grocer, I meane this Iustice, had borrowed a weather-beaten balance from some Iustice of a Conduit, both which Scales were repleniſht with the choyce of his ware, And the more liberally to shew his nature,
He gaue euery woman in the roome her handfull.

Thais. O great act of Iustice! well, and my Husband come cleanly off with this, he shall ne'er betray his weakneſſe more, but confesse himselfe a Citizen hereafter, and acknowledge their wit, for alas they come short.

Enter in the Masque the Count of Arsena, MENDOSA, CLARIDIANA, *Torch-bearers. They deliuer the shields to their seuerall mistresses, that is to say,* MENDOSA *to the Lady* LENTVLVS, CLARIDIANA *to* ABIGAL; *to* ISABELLA, GVIDO, *Count of Arsana; to* THAIS, ROGERO.

Isab. Good my Lord be my expositer. *To the Cardinall.*

Card. The Sun setting, a man pointing at it.
The Motto, *Senso tamen ipso Calorem.*
Faire Bride, some seruant of yours, that here imitates
To haue felt the heat of Loue bred in your brightneſſe,
But setting thus from him, by marriage,
He onely here acknowledgeth your power,
And must expect beames of a morrow Sunne.

Lent. Lord Bride-groome, will you interpret me?

Rober. A sable shield: the word, *Vidua spes.*
What the forlorne hope in blacke despairing?
Lady *Lentulus* is the badge of all your Sutors?

Lent. I by my troth my Lord, if they come to me.

Rob. I could giue it another interpretation. Me thinkes this Louer hath learnd of women, to deale by contraries: if so, then here he sayes, the Widow is his onely hope.

Lent. No: good my Lord, let the first stand.

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Kober. Inquire of him, and hee'le resolue the doubt.
Abig. What's here? a ship sailing nigh her hauen?
With good ware belike: 'tis well ballast.
Thais. O, this your deuice smelles of the Marchant. What's your ships name, I pray? *The forlorne Hope?*
Abig. No, *The Merchant Royall.*
Thais. And why not *Aduenturer?*
Abig. You see no likelihood of that: would it not faine be in the hauen? The word, *Vt tangerem Portum.*
Marry, for ought I know, God grant it. What's there?
Thais. Mine's an Azure shield: marry what else; I should tell thee more then I vnderstand, but the word is,
Aut precio, aut precibus.
Abig. I, I, some Common-councell deuice. *They take the*
Mend. Faire widow, how like you this change? *wom̃ & dance*
Lent. I chang'd too lately to like any. *the first change*
Men. O your husband! you weare his memory like a Deaths (head.
For heauens loue thinke of me as of the man
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.
Lent. Yet you sinke apace sir.
Mend. The fault's in my vpholster, Lady.
Roger. Thou shalt as soone finde Truth telling a lye,
Vertue a Bawd, Honesty a Courtier,
As me turn'd recreant to thy least designe.
Loue makes me speake, and he makes loue diuine.
Thais. Would Loue could make you so: but 'tis his guise
To let vs surfet ere he ope his eyes.
Ab. You grasp my hand too hard i'faith, faire sir. *Holding her*
Cl. Not as you grasp my hart, vnwilling wanton. *by the hand.*
Were but my breast bare, and Anatomiz'd,
Thou shouldst behold there how thou tortur'st it:
And as *Apelles* limb'd the Queene of Loue,
In her right hand grasping a heart in flames,
So may I thee, fairer, but crueller.
Abig. Well sir, your vizor giues you colour for what you say.
Clar. Grace me to weare this fauour, 'tis a Iemme
That vailes to your eyes, though not to th'Eagles?
And in exchange giue me one word of comfort.

Abig.

Abig. I marry: I like this wooer well:
Hee'le win's pleasure out o'the stones.
If. Change is no robbery: yet in this change
Thou rob'st me of my hart, sure *Cupid's* here,
Disguis'd like a pretty Torch-bearer.
And makes his brand a torch, that with more sleight
He may intrap weake women: here the sparkes
Fly as in *Etna* from his fathers Anuile.
O powerfull boy! my heart's on fire, and vnto mine eyes
The raging flames ascend, like to two beacons,
Summoning my strongest powers, but all too late,
The conquerour already opes the gate.
I will not aske his name.

The secõd change.
Isab. falles in loue with Rogero when the changers speak

Abig. You dare put it into my hands.
Mend. Zounds, doe you thinke I will not?
Abig. Then thus, to morrow (you'l be secret seruant.)
Mend. All that I doe, Il'e doe in secret.
Ab. My husband goes to *Mucaue* to renew the Farme he has.
Men. Well, what time goes the Iakes-farmer?
Abig. He shall not be long out, but you shall put in, I warrant you. Haue a care that you stand iust i'the nicke about sixe a clocke in the euening; my Maid shall conduct you vp, to saue mine honor you must come vp darkling, & to auoid suspition.
Mend. Zounds, hudwinkt, and if you'l open all, sweet Lady.
Abig. But if you faile to doo't.
Men. The Sun shall faile the day first.
Abig. Tie this ring fast, you may be sure to know.
You'l brag of this, now you haue brought me to the bay.
Mend. Pox o'this Masque: would 'twere done, I might
To my Apothecaries for some stirring meates.
Tha. Me thinks sir, you should blush e'en through your vizor
I haue scarce patience to dance out the rest.
Rober. The worse my fate, that plowes a marble quarry:
Pigmalion yet thy Image was more kinde,
Although thy loue not halfe so true as mine.
Dance they that list, I saile against the winde.
Thais. Nay sir, betray not your infirmities,
You'l make my husband iealous by and by.

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We will thinke of you, and that presently.
Guid. The Spheares ne'er danc'd vnto a better tune.
Sound musicke there.
Isab. 'Twas musicke that he spake.
Rob. Gallants I thanke you, and
Begin a health to your mistresses.
3. *or* 4. Faire thankes sir Bride-groome.
Isab. He speakes not to this pledge, has he no Mistresse?
Would I might chuse one for him: but't may be
He doth adore a brighter starre then wee.
Rob. Sit Ladies, sit, you haue had standing long.
Men. Blesse the man: sprit'ly and nobly done.
Thais. What is your Ladiship hurt?
Isab. O no, an easie fall.
Was I not deepe enough, thou God of lust,
But I must further wade? I am his now,
As sure as *Iuno's Ioues*, *Hymen* take flight,
An see not me, 'tis not my wedding night. *Exit Isabella.*
Card. The Bride's departed discont, it seemes.
Rob. Wee'll after her. Gallants vnmasque I pray,
And tast a homely banket we entreate. *Exit Rob. Card.*
Clarid. Candidi Erignos I beseech thee.
Men. Come widow, Ile be bold to put you in.
My Lord will you haue a sociate? *Exit Thais. Lent. Abig.*
Rog. Good Gentlemen, if I haue any interest in you,
Let me depart vnknowne, 'tis a disgrace
Of an eternall memory.
Mend. what the fall my Lord, as common a thing as can bee, the stiffest man in Italy may fall betweene a womans legs.
Clar. Would I had chang'd places with you my Lord, would it had been my hap.
Rog. What Cuckold laid his hornes in my way?
Signior *Claridiana*, you were by the Lady when I fell,
Doe you thinke I hurt her?
Clar. You could not hurt her, my Lord, betweene the legs.
Rog. What was't I fell withall?
Mend. A crosse poynt my Lord.

The third change ended. Ladies fall off.

Rogero dances a Lxualto, or a Galiard, & in the midst of it, falleth into the Brides lap, but straight leapes vp, & danceth it out.

Rog. Crosse-point indeed; Well if you loue me, let me hence
The silence yours, the disgrace mine owne. (vnknowne,
Exit Clar. & Mend.

Enter ISABELLA *with a gilt Goblet and meetes* ROGERO.

Isab. Sir, if Wine were Nectar I'le begin a health,
To her that were most gracious in your eye,
Yet daigne, as simply 'tis the gift of *Bacchus*,
To giue her pledge that drinkes: this God of Wine
Cannot inflame me more to appetite,
Though he be co-supreme with mighty Loue,
Then thy faire shape. *Rog.* Zounds she comes to deride me.
Isab. That kisse shall serue
To be a pledge although my lips should starue.
No tricke to get that vizor from his face?
Rog. I will steale hence, and so conceale disgrace.
Isab. Sir, haue you left nought behind?
Rog. Yes, but the Fates will not permit
(As Gems once lost are seldome or neuer found)
I should conuey it with me. Sweete Good-night.
Shee bends to me: there's my fall againe. *Exit.*
Isab. He's gone, that lightning that a while doth strike
Our eyes with amaz'd brightnesse, and on a sudden
Leaues vs in prisoned darknesse. Lust thou art hie,
My smiles may well come from the Skye.
Anna, Anna. *Enter* ANNA.
Anna. Madame, did you call?
Isab. Follow yond stranger, prethee learne his name:
We may hereafter thanke him. How I doate? *Exit Anna.*
Is he not a God
That can command what other men would win
With the hard'st aduantage? I must haue him,
Or shadow-like follow his fleeting steps.
Were I as *Daphne*, and he followed chase,
Though I reiected yong *Apolloes* loue,
And like a dreame begiuile his wandring steps,
Should he pursue me through the neighbouring groue,
Each Cowslip stalke should trip a willing fall,

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Till he were mine, who till then am his thrall:
Nor will I blush, since worthy is my chance.
'Tis said that *Venus* with a *Satire* slept,
And how much short came she of my faire aime?
Then Queene of Loue a president I'le be,
To teach faire women learne to loue of me,
Speake Musicke, what's his name. *Enter* ANNA.

Anna. Madame, It was the worthy Count *Massino.*

Isab. Blest be thy tongue: the worthy Count indeed,
The worthiest of the Worthies. Trusty *Anna,*
Hast thou pack'd vp those Monies, Plate, and Iewels
I gaue direction for?

Anna. Yes, Madame, I haue trust vp them, that many
A proper man has beene trust vp for.

Isab. I thanke thee, take the wings of night,
Beloued Secretary, and poste with them to *Swenia,*
There furnish vp some stately Pallace
Worthy to entertaine the King of Loue:
Prepare it for my comming and my Loues,
E're *Phœbus* Steeds once more vnharnest be,
Or e're he sport with his beloued *Thetis,*
The siluer-footed Goddesse of the Sea,
Wee will set forward. Flye like the Northern winde,
Or swifter, *Anna,* fleete like to my minde.

An. I am iust of your minde Madame, I am gone. *Exit* An.

Isab. So to the house of Death the mourner goes,
That is bereft of what his soule desir'd,
As I to bed, I to my nuptiall bed,
The heauen on earth: so to thought slaughters went
The pale *Andromeda* bedew'd with teares,
When euery minute she expected gripes of a fell monster,
And in vaine bewail'd the act of her creation.
Sullen Night that look'st with sunck eyes on my nuptiall bed,
With ne'er a starre that smiles vpon the end,
Mend thy slacke pace, and lend the malecontent,
The hoping Louer, and the wishing Bride
Beames that too long thou shadowest: or if not
In spight of thy fixt front when my loath'd Mate

Shall

Shall struggle in due pleasure for his right,
I'le think't my loue, and die in that delight. *Exit.*

Enter at seuerall dores ABIGAL *and* THAIS.

Abig. *Thais*, you're an earely riser.
I haue that to shew will make your haire stand an end.

Thais. Well Lady, and I haue that to shew you will bring your courage downe. What would you say, and I would name a party, saw your Husband court, kisse, nay almost go through for the hole.

Abig. How, how, what would I say? nay, by this light, what would I not do? If euer Amazon fought better, or more at the face then I'le do, let me neuer be thought a new-married wife. Come vnmasque her: 'tis some admirable creature, whose beauty you need not paint. I warrant you, 'tis done to your hand.

Thais. Would any woman but I, be abus'd to her face?
Prethee reade the contents: Know'st thou the Character?

Abig. 'Tis my Husbands hand, and a Loue-letter:
But for the contents I find none in it. Has the lustfull monster,
All back and belly-steru'd me thus? What defect does he see in mee? I'le be sworne wench, I am of as pliant and yeelding body to him, e'en which way he will, he may turne me as he list himselfe. What? *and dedicate to thee:* I marry, here's a stile so high, as a man cannot helpe a Dog o'er it. He was wont to write to me in the Citie phrase, My good *Abigall*: heere's *Astonishment of nature, vnparaleld excellency, and most vnequall rarity of creation:* Three such words will turne any honest woman in the world whore: for a woman is neuer wonne till shee know not what to answere; and beshrew me if I vnderstand any of these: you are the party I perceiue, and here's a white sheet, that your husband has promist me to do penance in: you must not think to dance the shaking of the sheetes alone, though there bee not such rare phrases in't, 'tis more to the matter; a legible hand, but for the dash, or the (hee) and (as): short bawdy Parenthesis as euer you saw, to the purpose: he has not left out a pricke I warrant you, wherein he has promist to do me any good, but the Law's in mine owne hand.

Thais. I euer thought by his red beard he would proue a *Iudas*, here am I bought and sold; he makes much of me indeed. Well wench, we were best wisely in time seek for preuention. I should be loath to take drinke and die on't, as I am afraid I shall that he will lye with thee.

Abig. To be short sweet heart, I'le be true to thee, though a lyer to my Husband: I haue signed your Husbands bill like a Wood-cocke as he is held, perswaded him (since nought but my loue can asswage his violent passions) he should enioy, like a priuate friend, the pleasures of my bed: I told him my Husband was to go to *Mawrano* to day, to renew a Farme he has, and in the meane time he might be tenant at will, to vse mine: this false fire has so tooke with him, that he's rauisht afore he come. I haue had stones on him all red: dost know this?

Thais. I, too well, it blushes for his M^r^. *Points to the ring.*

Abig. Now my Husband will be hawking about thee anon, And thou canst meete him closely.

Thais. By my faith I would be loath in the darke, and he knew me.

Abig. I meane thus: the same occasion will serue him too, they are birds of a feather, and will flye together, I warrant thee wench, appoint him to come: say that thy Husband's gone for *Mawrano*, and tell me anone if thou mad'st not his heart-bloud spring, for ioy, in his face.

Thais. I conceiue you not all this while.

Abig. Then th'art a barren woman, and no maruell if thy Husband loue thee not: the houre for both to come is fixe, a darke time fit for purblinde louers; and with cleanely conueyance by the niglers our maids, they shall be translated into our Bed-chambers.
Your Husband into mine, and mine into yours.

Thais. But you meane they shall come in at the back-dores.

Abig. Who, our Husbands? nay, and they come not in at the fore-dores, there will be no pleasure in't. But we two wil climb ouer our garden-Pales, and come in that way (the chastest that are in *Venice* will stray for a good turne) and thus wittily will we bee bestowed, you into my house to your husband, and I into your house to my husband, and I warrant thee before a month

month come to an end, they'll cracke louder of this nights-lodging, then the Bed-steads.

Thais. All is if our Maids keepe secret. (hitherto.

Abig. Mine is a Maid I'le be sworne, she has kept her secrets

Thais. Troth, and I neuer had any Sea-captaine boorded in my house.

Abig. Go to then: and the better to auoid suspition,
Thus we must insist, they must come vp darkling, recreate themselus with their delight an houre or two, and after a million of kisses, or so.

Thais. But is my husband content to come darkling?

Abig. What not to saue mine honour? he that will runne through fire, as he has profest, will by the heate of his loue, grope in the darke. I warrant him he shall saue mine honour.

Thais. I am afraid my voyce will discouer me.

Abig. Why then, you're best say nothing, and take it thus quietly when your husband comes.

Thais. I, but you know a woman cannot chuse but speake in these cases.

Abig. Bite in your nether-lip, and I warrant you,
Or make as if you were whiffing Tobacco;
Or pulch like me. Gods-so, I heare thy husband. *Exit.*

Thais. Farewell wise-woman.

Enter MIZALDVS.

Mizal. Now 'gins my vengeance mount high in my lust:
'Tis a rare creature, shee'll do't i'faith;
And I am arm'd at all points. A rare whiblin,
To be reueng'd, and yet gaine pleasure in't,
One height aboue reuenge: yet what a slaue am I,
Are there not yonger brothers enough, but we must
Branch one another? Oh, but mine's reuenge,
And who on that doth dreame
Must be a Tyrant euer in extreame.
O my wife *Thais* get my Breake-fast ready,
I must into the Country to a Farme I haue
Some two miles off, and, as I thinke
Shall not come home to night. *Iacques, Iacques,*
Get my Vessell ready to row me downe the Riuer.

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Prethee make haſt ſweete girle. *Exit Mizal-*

Thais. So, there's one foole ſlipt away: are your croſſe-points diſcouer'd? Get your breake-faſt ready!
By this light I'le tye you to hard-fare:
I haue beene too ſparing of that you prodigally offer
Voluntary to another: well you ſhall be a tame foole hereafter.
The fineſt light is when we firſt defraud;
Husband to night 'tis I muſt lie abroad. *Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA *and a Page with a letter.*

Iſab. Here, take this Letter beare it to the Count:
But boy, firſt tell me; think'ſt thou I am in loue?

Page. Madame I cannot tell.

Iſab. Canſt thou not tell? Doſt thou not ſee my face?
Is not the face the *Index* of the minde?
And canſt thou not diſtinguiſh Loue by that?

Page. No Madame.

Iſab. Then take this Letter and deliuer it
Vnto the worthy Count. No, fie vpon him,
Come backe againe: tell me, why ſhouldſt thou thinke
That ſame's a Loue-letter?

Page. I do not thinke ſo Madame.

Iſab. I know thou doſt: for thou doſt euer vſe
To hold the wrong opinion. Tell me true,
Doſt thou not thinke that letter is of Loue?

Page. If you would haue me thinke ſo Madame, yes.

Iſab. What doſt thou thinke thy Lady is ſo fond?
Giue me the Letter, thy ſelfe ſhall ſee it.
Yet I ſhould teare it in the breaking ope,
And make him lay a wrongfull charge on thee;
And ſay thou brok'ſt it open by the way,
And ſaw what haynous things I charge him with:
But 'tis all one, the Letter is not of Loue.
Therefore deliuer it vnto himſelfe,
And tell him hee's deceiu'd, I do not loue him.
But if he thinke ſo bid him come to me,
And I'le confute him ſtraight; I'le ſhew him reaſons,
I'le ſhew him plainely why I cannot loue him.
And if he hap to reade it in thy hearing.

Or

Or chance to tell thee that the words were sweete,
Do not thou then discloſe my lewd entent,
Vnder thoſe Syren words, and how I meane,
To vſe him when I haue him at my will:
For then thou wilt deſtroy the plot that's laid,
And make him feare to yeeld when I do wiſh
Onely to haue him yeeld; for when I haue him,
None but my ſelfe ſhall know how I will vſe him.
Be gone, why ſtayeſt thou? yet returne againe.

Page. I Madame.

Iſab. Why doſt thou come againe? I bad thee goe.
If I ſay goe, neuer returne againe. *Exit Page.*
My bloud, like to a troubled Ocean,
Cuff'd with the Winds, incertaine where to reſt,
Buts at the vtmoſt ſhore of euery limbe.
My Husband's not the man I would haue had:
O my new thoughts to this braue ſprightly Lord,
Was fixt to that hid fire Louers feele:
Where was my minde before, that refin'd iudgement,
That repreſents rare obiects to our paſſions?
Or did my luſt beguile me of my ſenſe?
Making me feaſt vpon ſuch dangerous eates,
For preſent want, that needes muſt breed a ſurfeit:
How was I ſhipwrackt? yet *Iſabella* thinke
Thy Husband is a noble Gentleman, yong, wiſe,
And rich: thinke what Fate followes thee,
And nought but luſt doth blind thy worthy loue?
I will deſiſt. O no, it may not be.
Euen as a headſtong Courſer beares away
His Rider, vainely ſtriuing him to ſtay.
Or as a ſodaine gale thruſts into Sea
The Hauen-touching Barke, howneere the lea:
So wauering *Cupid* brings me backe againe,
And purple Loue reſumes his Darts againe:
Heere of themſelues, thy ſhafts come as if ſhot:
Better then I thy quiuer knowes 'em not.

Enter Count Arſena, *and a Page.*

Page. Madame: the Count --

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Rog. So fell the *Troian* wanderer on the *Greeke*,
And bore away his rauisht prize to *Troy*:
For such a beauty brighter then his *Danae*,
Ioue should (me-thinkes) now come himselfe againe:
Louely *Isabella*, I confesse me mortall:
Not worthy to serue thee in thought, I sweare,
Yet shall not this same ouerflow of fauour
Diminish my vow'd duty to your beauty.

Isab. Your loue, my Lord, I blushingly proclaime it,
Hath power to draw me through a wilderneſſe,
Wer't arm'd with Furies, as with furious beasts.
Boy, bid our traine be ready, wee'll to horse. *Exit Page.*
My Lord, I should say something, but I blush,
Courting is not befitting to our sexe.

Rog. I'le teach you how to wooe,
Say you haue lou'd me long.
And tell me that a womans feeble tongue
Was neuer tuned vnto a wooing string;
Yet for my sake you will forget your sexe,
And court my Loue with strain'd Immodesty,
Then bid me make you happy with a kisse.

Isab. Sir, though women do not wooe, yet for your sake,
I am content to leaue that ciuill custome,
And pray you kisse me.

Rog. Now vse some vnexpected ambages,
To draw me further into *Vulcans* Net.

Isab. You loue me not so well as I loue you.

Rog. Faire Lady, but I do.

Isab. Then shew your loue.

Rog. Why in this kisse I shew't, and in my vowed seruice,
This woing shall suffice, 'tis easier farre
To make the current of a siluer-brooke
Conuert his flowing backward to his Spring,
Then turne a woman wooer. There's no cause
Can turne the setled course of Natures Lawes.

Isab. My Lord, will you pursue the plot?

Rog. The Letter giues direction here for *Pauie*,
To horse, to horse: thus once *Eriphile*,

With

With lookes regardant, did the *Thracian* gaze,
And loſt his gift while he deſir'd the ſight.
But wiſer I, led by more powerfull charme;
Ide ſee the world winne thee from out mine arme. *Exeunt.*

Enter at ſeuerall doores, CLARIDIANA *and* GVIDO.

Gui. Zounds is the *Huritano* comming? *Claridiana* what's the
Cla. The Counteſſe of *Sweuia* hath new taken horſe. (matter?
Fly *Phœbus*, flye, the houre is ſixe a clocke.
Gui. Whither is ſhe going Signior?
Clar. Euen as *Ioue* went to meet his ſimile.
To the Diuell I think. *Gui.* You know not wherefore?
Clar. To ſay ſooth I do not. So in immortall wiſe ſhall I ar- *Tran*
Gui. At the Gallowes. What in a paſſion Signior? (riue. *horſes*
Clar. Zounds, do not hold me ſir:
Beauteous *Thais*, I am all thine wholly.
The ſtaffe is now aduancing for the Reſt,
And when I tilt, *Mezaldus* aware thy Creſt. *Exit.*

Enter ROBERTO *in his Night-gowne, and cap with Seruants, he kneeles downe.*

Guid. What's here? the carping Cods-head tilting in the aire?
Rob. The Gods ſent her no horſe, a poore old age,
Eternall woe, and ſickneſſe laſting rage.
Guid. My Lord, you may yet ore-take 'em.
Rob. Furies ſupply that place, for I will not: no,
She that can forſake me when pleaſure's in the full,
Freſh and vntir'd, what would ſhe on the leaſt barren coldnes?
I warrant you ſhe has already got
Her Brauoes, and her Ruffians: the meaneſt whore
Will haue one buckler, but your great ones more.
The ſhores of Sicilie retaines not ſuch a monſter,
Though to Gally-ſlaues they daily proſtitute.
To let the Nuptiall Tapers giue light to her new luſt.
Who would haue thought it?
She that could no more forſake my company,
Then could the day forſake the preſence of the Sunne,
When I was abſent, then her Galled eyes,
Would haue ſhed April ſhowers, and out-wept
The clouds in that ſame ore-paſſionate moode:

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When they drown'd all the world, yet now forsakes me:
Women your eyes shed glances like the Sunne:
Now shines your brightnesse, now your light is done.
On the sweetest flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you'l wast a glance.
Your beames once lost, can neuer more be found,
Vnlesse we wait vntill your course run round,
(And take you at fift hand.) Since I cannot
Enioy the noble title of a Man,
But after-ages, as our vertues are
Buried whilst we are liuing, will sound out
My infamy, and her degenerate shame;
Yet in my life Ile smother't if I may,
And like a dead-man, to the world bequeath
These houses of vanitie, Mils and Lands.
Take what you will, I will not keepe among you Seruants,
And welcome some religious Monasterie.
A true sworne Beads-man Il'e hereafter be,
And wake the morning Cocke with holy prayers.
Ser. Good my Lord: noble Master.
Rob. Disswade me not, my will shall be my King;
I thanke thee wife, a faire change thou hast giuen,
I leaue thy lust to woo the loue of heauen. *Exit cum seruis.*
Guid This is conuersion is't not? as good as might haue been,
He turnes religious vpon his wiues turning Curtezan.
This is iust like some of our gallant Prodigals,
When they haue consum'd their patrimonies wrongfully,
They turne Capuchins for deuotion. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

Claridiana and *Rogero* being in a readinesse, are receiued in at one anothers houses by their Maids.

Then enter Mendosa *with a Page, to the Lady* Lentulus *window.*

Mend. NIght like a solemne mourner frownes on earth,
Enuying that day should force her doffe her robes,

Or

Or *Phœbus* chase away her melancholy.
Heauens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque,
And siluer *Cinthia* hies her in her Sphære,
Scorning to grace blacke nights solemnity.
Be vnpropitious Night to villaine thoughts,
But let thy Diamonds shine on vertuous loue:
This is the lower house of high-built heauen,
Where my chaste *Phœbe* sits, inthron'd 'mong thoughts
So purely good, brings her to heauen on earth.
Such power hath soules in contemplation.
Sing boy (though night yet) like the mornings Larke: *Musick*
A soule that's cleare is light, though heauen be darke. *playes*

The Lady Lentulus *at her window.*

Lent. Who speakes in musicke to vs?
Mend. Sweet 'tis I. Boy, leaue me, and to bed. *Exit Page.*
Lent. I thanke you for your musicke: now good night.
Men. Leaue not the world yet, Queene of Chastitie,
Keepe promise with thy Loue *Endimion.*
And let me meet thee there on *Latmus* top.
'Tis I whose vertuous hopes are firmely fixt
On the fruition of thy chaste vow'd loue.
Lent. My Lord your honor made me promise your ascent into my house, since my vow bar'd my doores,
By some wits engine, made for theft and lust:
Yet for your honour, and my humble fame,
Check your blouds passions, and returne deare Lord:
Suspition is a Dogge that still doth bite
Without a cause; this act giues food to enuy;
Swolne big, it bursts, and poysons our cleare flames.
Men. Enuy is stingleſſe when she lookes on thee.
Lent. Enuy is blinde my Lord, and cannot see.
Men. If you breake promise, faire, you breake my hart.
Lent. Then come. Yet stay. Ascend. Yet let vs part.
I feare, yet know not what I feare:
Your loue is pretious, yet mine Honors deare.
Men. If I do staine thy honor with foule lust,
May thunder strike me to shew *Ioue* is iust.
Lent. Then come my Lord, on earth your vow is giuen.

This

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This aid I'le lend you. *He throwes vp a ladder of cords, which ſhe makes faſt to ſome part of the window: he aſcends, and at top fals.*

M. Thus I mount my heauen.
Receiue me ſweet.

Lent. O me vnhappy wretch.
How fare s your Honor? ſpeake Fate-croſt Lord.
If life retaine his ſeat within you, ſpeake;
Elſe like that *Seſtian* Dame, that ſaw her Loue,
Caſt by the frowning billowes on the ſands,
And leane death ſwolne big with the *Helleſpont*,
In bleake *Leanders* body, like his Loue,
Come I to thee, on graue ſhall ſerue vs both.

Mend. Stay miracle of women, yet I breathe,
Though death be enter'd in this Tower of fleſh,
He is not conquerour, my heart ſtands out,
And yeelds to thee, ſcorning his tyranny,

Lent. My doores are vow'd ſhut, and I cannot helpe you.
Your wounds are mortall, wounded is mine honor,
If there the Towne-guard finde you. Vnhappy Dame,
Reliefe is periur'd, my vow kept, ſhame.
What helliſh Deſtinie did twiſt my fate?

Mend. Reſt ceaze thine eyelids, be not paſſionate:
Sweet, ſleepe ſecure, Ile remoue my ſelfe.
That viper Enuy ſhall not ſpot thy fame:
Il'e take that poyſon with me, my ſoules reſt,
For like a Serpent, Il'e creepe on my breaſt.

Lent. Thou more then man, Loue-wounded: ioy and griefe
fight in my bloud. Thy wounds and conſtancy
Are both ſo ſtrong none can haue victory.

Mend. Darken the world earths-Queene, get thee to bed;
The earth is light where thoſe two ſtarres are ſpread:
Their ſplendor will betray me to mens eyes.
Vaile thy bright face, for if thou longer ſtay,
Phœbus will riſe to thee, and make night day.

Lent. To part and leaue you hurt, my ſoule doth.

Mend. To part from hence I cannot, you being there.

Lent. Wee'll moue together, then Fate Loue controules,
And as we part, ſo bodies part from ſoules.

Mend. Mine is the earth, thine the refined fire:

I am mortall, thou diuine, then ſoule mount higher.

Len. Why then take comfort ſweet, Ile ſee'ou to morow. *Exit*

Men. My wounds are nothing, thy loſſe breeds my ſorrow.
See now 'tis darke.
Support your Maſter, legges, a little further:
Faint not bold heart with anguiſh of my wound:
Try further yet, can bloud weigh downe my ſoule?
Deſire is vaine without abilitie. *He ſtaggers on, and*
Thus falles a Monarch if Fate puſh at him. *then fals downe.*

Enter a Captaine, and the watch.

Capt. Come on my hearts, we are the Cities ſecuritie, Ile giue
ou your charge, and then like Courtiers euery man ſpy out:
et no man in my company be afraid to ſpeake to a cloake lined
ith veluet, nor tremble at the ſound of a gingling Spurre.

Watch. May I neuer be counted a cock of the game, if I feare
purres: but be gelded like a Capon for the preſeruing of my
oyce.

Cap. Ile haue none of my Band refraine to ſearch a veneriall
ouſe, though his wiues ſiſter be a lodger there: nor take two
illings of the Bawd to ſaue the Gentlemens credits that are
oſt: and ſo like voluntary Panders leaue them to the ſhame
f all Halbardiers.

. Nay for the Wenches wee'le tickle them, that's flat.

Cap. If you meet a *Sheuoiliero* that's in the groſſe phraſe, a
night that ſwaggers in the ſtreet, and being taken, has no mo-
y in his purſe to pay for his fees, it ſhall be a part of your du-
to intreat me to let him goe.

. O maruellous! is there ſuch *Sheuoiliers*?

. Some 200 that's the leaſt, that are reueal'd. *Mend. grones.*

Cap. What grone is that? bring a light. Who lies there?
is the Lord *Mendoſa*, kinſman to the Duke.
eake good my Lord, relate your dire miſchance:
ſe like a fearefull ſeruant flies his maſter,
t muſt attone them, or th'whole man is loſt.
nuey him to a Surgeons, then returne:
place ſhall be vnſearch't vntill we finde
e truth of this miſchance. Make haſte againe. *Exit the Watch.*
hoſe houſe is this ſtands open? in, and ſearch. *Manet. Capt.*

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What gueſts that houſe containes, and bring them forth.
This Noble-mans misfortune ſtirs my quiet,
And fils my ſoule with fearefull fantaſies.
But Il'e vnwinde this Labyrinth of doubt,
Elſe induſtry ſhall looſe part of it ſelfes labour.
Who haue we there? Signiors cannot you tell vs,
How our Princes kinſman came wounded to death
Nigh to your houſes?

Enter the Watch, with Claridiana and Rogero taken in one another's houſes, in their ſhirts, and night-gownes they ſee one another.

Rog. Hey-day; croſſe-ruffe at mid-night. Is't Chriſtmas? You goe a gaming to your neighbours houſe.

Clar. Doſt make a Mummer of me, Oxe-head?

Cap. Make anſwere Gentlemen, it doth concerne you.

Rog. Oxe-head will beare an action; Il'e ha the Law, Il'e no be yoak't. Beare witneſſe gentlemen, he calles me Oxe-head.

Cap. Doe you heare ſir?

Clar. Very well, very well, take Law, and hang thy ſelfe, I care not. Had ſhe no other but that good face to doate vpon Id'e rather ſhee had dealt with a dangerous Frenchman the with ſuch a Pagan.

Cap. Are you mad? anſwere my demand.

Rog. I am as good a Chriſtian as thy ſelfe,
Though my wife haue now new Chriſtned mee.

Cap. Are you deafe? you make no anſwere.

Clar. Would I had had the circumciſing of thee Iew, Ide h Cut ſhort your Cuckold-maker, I would i'faith, I would i'fait

Cap. Away with them to priſon; they'll anſwere better there

Rog. Not to faſt Gentlemen: what's our crime?

Cap. Murther of the Dukes Kinſman, Signior *Mendoſa*.

Amb. Nothing elſe? we did it, we did it, we did it.

Cap. Take heed Gentlemen what you confeſſe.

Cla. Ile confeſſe any thing ſince I am made a foole by a knau I'le be hang'd like an innocent, that's flat.

Rog. Ile not ſee my ſhame. Hempe in ſtead of a Quackſalue you ſhall put out mine eyes, and my head ſhall be bought make Inke-hornes of.

Cap. You doe confeſſe the murder.

Clar. Sir, 'tis true,
Done by a faithleſſe Chriſtian, and a Iew.

Cap. To prison with them, we will heare no further,
The tongue betrayes the the heart of guilty murder.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Count GVIDO, ISABELLA, ANNA, *and Seruants.*

Guid. Welcome to Pauy sweet, and may this kisse
Chase melancholy from thy company:
Speake my soules ioy, how fare you after trauell?
Isab. Like on that scapeth dangers on the seas,
Yet trembles with cold feares being safe on land,
With bare imagination of what's past.
Guid. Feare keepe with cowards, aire-stars cannot moue.
Isab. Feare in this kinde, my Lord, doth sweeten loue.
Guid. To thinke feare ioy (deare) I cannot coniecture.
Isab. Feare's fire to feruency,
Which makes loues sweet proue Nectar:
Trembling desire, feare, hope, and doubtfull leasure,
Distill from loue the quintessence of pleasure.
Guid. Madame, I yeeld to you; Feare keepes with Loue,
My Oratory is to weake against you:
You haue the ground of knowledge, wise experience,
Which makes your argument inuincible.
Isab. You are Times Scholler, and can flatter weakenesse.
Guid. Custome allowes it, and we plainly see,
Princes and women maintaine flatterie.
Isab. Anna, goe see my Iewels and my Trunkes
Be aptly placed in their seuerall roomes. *Exit Anna.*

Enter Gniaca *Count of Gaza, with Attendants.*

My Lord, know you this Gallant? 'tis a compleat Gentleman.
Guid. I doe, 'tis Counr *Gniaca*, my endeared friend.
Gniac. Welcome to Pauie, welcome faireſt Lady:
Your sight, deare friend, is lifes restoratiue;
This day's the period of long wish'd content,
More welcome to me then day to the world,
Night to the weeried, or gold to the Mizer;
Such ioy feeles friendship in Society.
Isab. A rare shap't man: compare them both together,
Gnic. Our loues are friendly twins, both at a birth;
The ioy you taste, that ioy doe I conceiue,

This day's the Iubile of my desire.
Isab. Hee's fairer then he was when I first saw him.
This little time makes him more excellent.
Gni. Relate some newes. Harke you, what Lady's that.
Be open-breasted, so will I to thee. *They whisper.*
Isab. Error did blinde him that paints Loue blinde;
For my loue plainly iudges difference:
Loue is cleare-sighted, and with Eagles eyes,
Vndazeled, lookes vpon cleare Sun-beam'd beauty:
Nature did rob herselfe when she made him.
Blushing to see her worke excell herselfe,
Tis shape makes mankinde femelacie.
Forgiue me *Rogero*, 'tis my Fate
To loue thy friend, and quit thy loue with hate.
I must enioy him, let hope thy passions smother:
Faith cannot coole bloud, Ile clip him, wer't my brother.
Such is the heate of my sincere affection.
Hell nor earth can keepe loue in subiection.
Gnia. I craue your Honors pardon my ignorance
Of what you were, may gaine a curteous pardon.
Isab. There needs no pardon where ther's no offence;
His tongue strikes Musicke rauishing my sense:
I must be suddaine, else desire confounds me.
Guid. What sport affoords this Climate for delight?
Gnia. Wee'll hawke and hunt to day, as for to morrow
Varietie shall feed varietie.
Isab. Dissimulation womens armour is,
Aid loue beliefe, and female constancie.
Oh I am sicke my Lord, kinde *Rogero* helpe me.
Guid. Forfend it heauen, Madame sit; how fare you?
My liues best comfort speake, O speake sweet Saint.
Isab. Fetch Art to keepe life, runne my Loue, I faint:
My vitall breath runs coldly through my veines,
I see leane death with eyes imaginary,
Stand fearefully before me: here my end
A wife vnconstant, yet thy louing friend.
Guid. As swift as thought fly I to fetch thee aid. *Exit.*
Isab. Thus innocence by craft is soone betraid.

My

My Lord *Gniaca*, 'tis your Art must heale me,
I am loue-sicke for your loue; loue, loue, for louing:
I blush for speaking truth; faire Sir beleeue me,
Beneath the Moone nought but your frowne can grieue me.
Gniac. Lady, by heauen, me thinkes, this fit is strange.
Isab. Count not my loue light for this sodaine change:
By *Cupids* Bow I sweare, and will auow,
I neuer knew true perfect loue till now.
Gniac. Wrong not your selfe, me, and your dearest friend,
Your loue is violent, and soone will end.
Loue is not Loue vnlesse Loue doth perseuer,
That loue is perfect loue, that loues for euer.
Isab. Such loue is mine, beleeue it well-shap'd youth,
Though women vse to lye, yet I speake truth.
Giue sentence for my life or speedy death:
Can you affect me?
Gniac. I should belye my thoughts to giue denyall,
But then to friendship I must turne disloyall:
I will not wrong my friend, let that suffice.
Isab. I'le be a miracle, for loue a woman dies. *Offers to stab her selfe.*
Gniac. Hold Madam, these are soule-killing passions.
Ide rather wrong my friend, then you your selfe.
Isab. Loue me, or else by *Ioue* death's but delaid:
My vow is fixt in heauen, feare shall not moue me,
My life is death with tortures 'lesse you loue me.
Gniac. Giue me some respite, and I will resolue you.
Isab. My heart denies it.
My bloud is violent, now or else neuer,
Loue me, and like loues Queene I'le fall before thee,
Intising daliance from thee with my smiles,
And steale thy heart with my delicious kisses.
I'le study Art in loue, that in a rupture
Thy soule shall taste pleasures excelling nature.
Loue me, both Art and nature in large recompence,
Shall be profuse in rauishing thy sense.
Gniac. You haue preuail'd, I yours from all the world,
Thy wit and beauty haue intrans'd my soule:
I long for daliance, my bloud burnes like fire,

Hels paine on earth is to delay desire.

Isab. I kisse thee for that breath, this day you hunt;
In midst of all your sports leaue you *Rogero*,
Returne to me whose life rests in thy sight,
Where pleasure shall make Nectar our delight.

Guiac. I condiscend to what thy will implores me;
He that but now neglected thee, adores thee: *Enter Rogero.*
But see here comes my friend, feare makes him tremble. *Anna.*

Isab. Women are witlesse that cannot dissemble: *Doctor.*
Now I am sicke againe: where's my Lord *Rogero*?
His loue and my health's vanish'd both together.

Guid. Wrong not thy friend, deare friend, in thy extreames,
Here's a profound *Hippocrates*, my deare,
To minister to thee the spirit of health.

Isab. Your sight to me, my Lord, excels all Physicke;
I am better farre (my Loue) then when you left me:
Your friend was comfortable to me at the last.
'Twas but a fit, my Lord, and now 'tis past.
Are all things ready sir?

Anna. Yes Madame, the house is fit.

Guiac. Desire in women is the life of wit. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter ABIGAL *and* THAIS *at seuerall dores.*

Abig. O partner, I am with childe of laughter, and none but you can bee my Mid-wife: was there euer such a game at Noddy?

Thais. Our Husbands thinke they are fore-men of the Iury, they hold the Heretick point of Predestination, and sure they are borne to be hanged.

Abig. They are like to proue men of iudgement, but not for killing of him that's yet aliue, and well recouered.

Thais. As soone as my man saw the Watch come vp,
All his spirit was downe.

Abig. But though they haue made vs good sport in speech,
They did hinder vs of good sport in action.
O wench, imagination is strong in pleasure.

Thais. That's true: for the opinion my Good-man had of enioying you, made him do wonders. (variety?

Abig. Why should weak man, that is so soone satisfied, desire

Thais.

Thais. Their answere is, to feed on Phesants continually would breed a loathing.

Abig. Then if we seek for strange flesh that haue stomackes at will, 'tis pardonable.

Thais. I, if men had any feeling of it, but they iudge vs by themselues.

Abig. Well, we will bring them to the Gallowes, and then, like kind virgines, begge their liues, and after liue at our pleasures, and this bridle shall still reyne them.

Thais, Faith, if we were disposed, we might seeme as safe,
As if we had the broad seale to warrant it:
But that nights worke will sticke by me this forty weekes.
Come, shall we go visit the discontented Lady *Lentulus*?
Whom the Lord *Mendosa* has confest to his Chirurgion,
He would haue rob'd: I thought great men would but
Haue rob'd the poore, yet he the rich.

Abig. He thought that the richer purchase, though with the worse conscience: but wee'l to comfort her, and then go heare our Husbands lamentations. They say mine has compiled an vngodly volume of Satyres against women, and cals his booke *The snarle.*

Thais, But he's in hope his booke will saue him. (fashion.

Abig. God defend that it should, or any that snarle in that

Th. Well wench, if I could be metamorphosed into thy shape.
I should haue my husband pliant to me in his life.
And soone rid of him: for being weary with his continuall
He'd die of a consumption. (motion.

Abig. Make much of him, for all our wanton prize,
Follow the Prouerbe, *Merry be and wise,* *Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA, ANNA, *and Seruants.*

Isab. Time that deuour'st all mortalitie,
Runne swiftly these few houres,
And bring *Gniaca* on thy aged shoulders,
That I may clip the rarest modell of creation.
Do this gentle Time
And I will curle thine aged siluer locke,
And dally with thee in delicious pleasure.
Medea-like I will renew thy youth;

But

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But if thy frozen steps delay my loue,
Ile poyson thee with murder, curse thy pathes,
And make thee know a time of infamy.
Anna, giue watch, and bring me certaine notice
When Count *Gniaca* doth approach my house.
Anna, Madam I go.
I am kept for pleasure, though I neuer taste it.
For 'tis the vshers office still to couer
His Ladies priuate meetings with her louer. *Exit.*
Isab. Desire, thou quenchlesse flame that burn'st our soules,
Cease to torment me;
The dew of pleasure shall put out thy fire,
And quite consume thee with satiety.
Lust shall bee cool'd with lust, wherein I'le proue,
The life of loue is onely sau'd by loue, *Enter Anna.*
Ann. Madame, hee's comming.
Isab. Thou blessed *Mercurie*,
Prepare a banquet fit to please the Gods;
Let Sphære-like Musicke breathe delicious tones
Into our mortall eares; perfume the house
With odoriferous sents, sweeter then Myrrhe,
Or all the Spices in *Panchaia:*
His sight and touching we will recreate,
That his fiue Senses shall bee fiue-fold happy.
His breath like Roses casts out sweete perfume;
Time now with pleasure shall it selfe consume. *Enter Gniaca*
How like *Adonis* in his hunting weedes, *in his hunting*
Lookes this same Goddesse tempter? *weedes.*
And art thou come? this kisse entrance thy soule.
Gods I do not enuy you; for know this
Way's here on earth compleate, excels your blisse:
I'le not change this nights pleasure with you all.
Gniac. Thou creature made by loue, compos'd of pleasure,
That mak'st true vse of thy creation,
In thee both wit and beauty's resident;
Delightfull pleasure, vnpeer'd excellence.
This is the fare fixt fast vnto thy birth,
That thou alone shouldst be mans heauen on earth:

If I alone may but enioy thy loue,
I'le not change earthly ioy to be heauens *Ioue:*
For though that women haters now are common,
They all shall know earths ioy consists in woman.
Isab. My loue was dotage till I loued thee;
For thy soule truely tastes our petulance,
Conditious Louer, *Cupids* Intelligencer,
That makes man vnderstand what pleasure is:
These are fit attributes vnto thy knowledge;
For womens beauty o'er men beare that rule,
Our power commands the rich, the wise, the foole.
Though scorne growes big in man in growth and stature,
Yet women are the rarest workes in nature.
Gniac. I do confesse the truth, and must admire
That women can command rare mans desire.
Isab. Cease admiration, sit to *Cupids* feast,
The preparation to *Papheon* daliance,
Hermonius Musicke breathe thy siluer Ayres,
To stirre vp appetite to *Venus* banquet,
That breath of pleasure that entrances soules,
Making that instant happinesse a heauen,
In the true taste of loues deliciousnesse.
Gniac. Thy words are able to stirre cold desire,
Into his flesh that lyes entomb'd in Ice,
Hauing lost the feeling vse of warmth in bloud,
Then how much more in me, whose youthfull veynes,
Like a proud Riuer, ouer-flow their bounds?
Pleasures *Ambrosia*, or loues nourisher,
I long for priuacie; come let vs in,
'Tis custome, and not reason makes loue sinne.
Isab. I'le leade the way to *Venus* Paradise, *Exit*
Where thou shalt taste that fruit that made man wise. *Isab.*
Gniac. Sing notes of pleasure to elate our bloud:
Why should heauen frowne on ioyes that do vs good?
I come *Isabella* keeper of loues treasure,
To force thy bloud to lust, and rauish pleasure. *Exit.*

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After ſome ſhort Song, enter ISABELLA *and* GNIACA *againe, ſhe hanging about his necke laciuiouſly.*

Gniac. Still I am thy captiue, yet thy thoughts are free,
To be Loues bond-man is true liberty.
I haue ſwomme in ſeas of pleaſure without ground,
Ventrous deſire paſt depth it ſelfe hath drown'd.
Such skill has beauties Art in a true louer,
That dead deſire to life it can recouer.
Thus beauty our deſire can ſoone aduance,
Then ſtraight againe kill it with daliance.
Diuineſt women, your enchanting breathes
Giue Louers many lifes and many deaths.
Iſab. May thy deſire to me for euer laſt,
Not dye by ſurfet on my delicates:
And as I tye this Iewell about thy necke,
So may I tie this conſtant loue to mine,
Neuer to ſeeke weaking varietie,
That greedy curſe of mans and womans hell,
Where nought but ſhame and loath'd diſeaſes dwell.
Gniac. You counſell well, deare, learne it then;
For change is giuen more to you then men.
Iſab. My faith to thee, like Rockes, ſhall neuer moue,
The Sunne ſhall change his courſe ere I my loue. *Enter Anna.*
Anna. Madame, the Count *Rogero* knockes.
Iſab. Deere Loue into my chamber, till I ſend
My hate from ſight.
Gniac. Luſt makes me wrong my friend. *Exit Gniaca.*
Iſab. *Anna*, ſtand here, and entertaine Lord *Rogero.*
I from my window ſtraight will giue him anſwere.
The Serpents wit to woman reſt in me,
By that mans fell, then why not he by me?
Fain'd ſighes and teares dropt from a womans eye,
Blindes man of reaſon, ſtrikes his knowledge dumbe:
Wit armes a woman, Count *Rogero* come. *Exit Iſabella.*
Anna. My office ſtill is vnder: yet in time
Vſhers proue Maſters, degrees makes vs climbe. *Guido knocks.*
Who knockes Is't you my noble Lord?

Enter

Enter GVIDO *in his hunting weedes.*

Guid. Came my friend hither, Count *Gniaca*?
Anna. No, my good Lord.
Guid. Where's my *Iſabella*?
Anna. In her Chamber,
Guid. Good: I'le viſite her.
Ann. The chamber's lockt my Lord: ſhe will be priuate.
Guid. Lockt againſt me, my ſawcy mallapert?
Ann. Be patient good my Lord: ſhe'l giue you anſwere.
Guid. *Iſabella* life of loue, ſpeake, 'tis I that cals. *Iſab. at her window.*
Iſab. I muſt deſire your Lordſhip pardon me.
Guid. Lordſhip? what's this? *Iſabella*, art thou blinde?
Iſab. My Lord, my luſt was blind, but now my ſoule's cleare
And ſees the ſpots that did corrupt my fleſh: (ſighted,
Thoſe tokens ſent from hell, brought by deſire,
The meſſenger of euerlaſting death.
Ann. My Lady's in her Pulpit, now ſhe'll preach.
Guid. Is not thy Lady mad? In veritie I alwaies
Tooke her for a Puritane, and now ſhe ſhewes it.
Iſab. Mocke not Repentance. Prophanation
Brings Mortals laughing to damnation.
Beleeue it Lord, *Iſabella's* ill paſt life,
Like gold refin'd, ſhall make a perfect Wife.
I ſtand on firme ground now, before on ice;
We know not vertue till we taſte of vice.
Guid. Do you heare diſſimulation, woman ſinner?
Iſab. Leaue my houſe, good my Lord, and for my part,
I looke for a moſt wiſht reconciliation
Betwixt my ſelfe and my moſt wronged Husband.
Tempt not contrition then, religious Lord.
Guid. Indeed I was one of your family once:
But do not I know theſe are but braine-trickes:
And where the deuill has the fee-ſimple, he will kep poſſeſſion.
And will you halt before me that your ſelfe has made a criple?
Iſab. Nay, then you wrong me: and diſdained Lord,
I paid thee for thy pleaſures vendible
Whoſe mercenary fleſh I bought with coyne,
I will diuulge thy baſeneſſe, 'leſſe with ſpeed

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Thou leaue my houſe and my ſociety.
Guid. Already turn'd apoſtate, but now all pure,
Now damn'd your faith is, and loues endure
Like dew vpon the graſſe, when pleaſures Sunne
Shines on your vertues, all your vertue's done.
I'le leaue thy houſe and thee, go get thee in,
Thou gaudy childe of pride, and nurſe of ſinne.
Iſab. Raile not on me, my Lord; for if you doe,
My hot deſire of vengeaance ſhall ſtrike wonder;
Reuenge on woman fals like dreadfull thunder. *Exit.*
Anna. Your Lordſhip will command me no further ſeruice?
Guid. I thanke thee for thy watchfull ſeruice paſt;
Thy vſher-like attendance on the Staires,
Being true ſignes of thy humility.
Anna. I hope I did diſcharge my place with care.
Guid. Vſhers ſhould haue much wit, but little haire;
Thou haſt of both ſufficient: prethee leaue mee,
If thou haſt an honeſt Lady, commend me to her,
But ſhe is none. *Exit Anna, Manet Guido.*
Farewell thou priuate ſtrumpet worſe then common.
Man were on earth an Angell, but for woman,
That ſeuen-fold branch of hell from them doth grow,
Pride, Luſt, and Murder, they raiſe from below,
With all their fellow ſinnes. Women were made
Of bloud, without ſoules: when their beauties fade,
And their luſt's paſt, auarice or bawdry
Makes them ſtill lou'd: then they buy venerie,
Bribing damnation, and hire brothell-ſlaues.
Shame's their executors, Infamy their graues,
Your painting will wipe off, which Art did hide,
And ſhew your vgly ſhape in ſpite of pride.
Farewell *Iſabella* poore in ſoule and fame,
I leaue thee rich in nothing but in ſhame.
Then ſoule-leſſe women know, whoſe faiths are hollow,
Your luſt being quench'd, a bloudy act muſt follow. *Exit.*

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

Enter the Duke of Amago, the Captaine, and the rest of the Watch, with the Senators.

Duke.

IVstice that makes princes like the *Gods*, draws vs vnto the Se-
That with vnpartiall balance we may poyse (nate,
The crimes and innnocence of all offenders,
Our presence can chase liberty from Lawes:
He best can iudge, that heares himselfe the cause.

1 *Senat.* True mighty Duke, it best becomes our places,
To haue our light from you the sonne of Vertue,
Subiect authoritie, for gaine, loue, or feare,
Oft quits the guilty and condemnes the cleare.

Duk. The land and people's mine, the crimes being knowne,
I must redresse, the subiects wrong's mine owne.
Call for the two suspected for the murder
Of *Mendosa*, our endered kinsman. These voluntary murderers
That confesse the murder of him that is yet aliue.
Wee'l sport with serious iustice for a while,
In shew wee'll frowne on them that make vs smile.

2. *Sen.* Bring forth the prisoners we may heare their answers.

Enter (brought in with Officers) Claridiana *and* Mizaldus.

Duke. Stand forth you vipers, that haue suck'd bloud,
And lopt a branch sprung from a royall Tree:
What can you answere to escape tortures?

Rog. We haue confest the fact my Lord, to God and man,
Our ghostly father, and that worthy Captaine:
We beg not life but fauourable death.

Duke. On what ground sprung your hate to him we lou'd?

Clar. Vpon that curse laid on Venetians ielousie.
We thought he being a Courtier, would haue made vs Magnificoes of the right stampe, and haue plaid at Primero in the presence, with gold of the Citie brought from our Indies.

Rog. Nay more, my Lord, we feared that your kinsman for a messe of Sonnets, would haue giuen the plot of vs and our wiues, to some needy Poet, and for sport and profit brought vs

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in some Venetian Comedy vpon the Stage.

Duke. Our iustice dwels with mercy, be not desperate.

1 *Sen.* His Highnesse faine would saue your liues if you would see it.

Rog. All the Law in Venice shall not saue me, I will not be saued.

Clar. Feare not, I haue a trick to bring vs to hanging in spite of the Law.

Rog. Why now I see thou lou'st me; thou hast confirm'd
Thy friendship for euer to me by these words.
Why, I should neuer heare Lanthorne and Candle cal'd for,
But I should thinke it was for me and my wife.
I'le hang for that, forget not thy tricke.
Vpon'em with thy tricke, I long for sentence.

2 *Sen.* Will you appeale for mercy to the Duke?

Clar, Kill not thy iustice Duke to saue our liues:
We haue deserued death.

Rog. Make not vs presidents for after wrongs,
I will receiue punishment for my sinnes,
It shall be a meanes to lift vs towards heauen.

Clar. Let's haue our desert, we craue no fauour.

Duke. Take them asunder, graue iustice makes vs mirth,
That man is soule-lesse, that ne'er sins on earth.
Signior *Mizaldus,* relate the weapon you kil'd him with, and the manner.

Rog. My Lord, your lustfull kins-man, I can title him no better, came sneaking to my house like a Promoter to spye flesh in the Lent: now I hauing a Venetian spirit, watcht my time, and with my rapier runne him through, knowing all paines are but trifles to the horne of a Citizen.

Duke. Take him aside. Signior *Claridiana,* what weapon had you for this bloudy fact? What dart vs'd death?

Clar. My Lord, I brain'd him with a leauer my neighbour lent me, and he stood by and cryed strike home old boy.

Duke. With seuerall instruments. Bring them face to face.
With what kil'd you our nephew?

Rog. With a Rapier Leige. *Clar.* 'Tis a lye,
I kil'd him with a leauer, and thou stood'st by.

Rog.

Rog. Dost thinke to saue me and hang thy selfe? no I scorne it; is this the tricke thou said'st thou had'st? I kil'd him Duke. He onely gaue consent: 'twas I that did it.

Clar. Thou hast alwaies beene crosse to me, and wilt be to my death. Haue I taken all this paines to bring thee to hanging, and dost thou slip now?

Rog. We shall neuer agree in a tale till we come to the gallowes, then we shall iumpe.

Clar. I'le shew you a crosse-point, if you crosse me thus, When thou shalt not see it.

Rog. I'le make a wry mouth at that, or it shall cost me a fall: 'Tis thy pride to be hang'd alone, because thou scorn'st my cõpany: but it shall be knowne I am as good a man as thy selfe, & in these actions will keepe company with thy betters, Iew.

Clar. Monster. *Rog.* Dog-killer. *Clar.* Fencer. *They bustle.*

Duke. Part them, part'em.

Rog. Hang vs, and quarter vs, we shal ne'er be parted til then.

Duke. You do confesse the murther done by both.

Clar. But that I would not haue the slaue laugh at mee, And count me a coward, I haue a very good mind to liue, *Aside.* But I am resolute: 'tis but a turne. I do confesse.

Rog. So doe I, Pronounce our doome, we are prepar'd to die.

1 *Sen.* We sentence you to hang till you be dead: Since you were men eminent in place and worth, We giue a Christian buriall to you both.

Cla. Not in one graue together we beseech you, we shall ne'er agree

Rog. He scornes my company, till the day of Iudgement, I'le not hang with him.

Duke. You hang together, that shall make you friends, An enerlasting hatred death soone ends: To prison with them till the day of death; Kings words, like Fate, must neuer change their breath.

Rog. You malice-monger, I'le be hang'd afore thee, And't be but to vexe thee.

Clar. I'le do you as good a turne or the hang-man, and shall fall out.

Exeunt ambo guarded.

Enter

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Enter MENDOSA *in his night gowne and cap guarded, with the Captaine.*

Duke. Now to our kinsman, shame to royall bloud,
Bring him before vs.
Theft in a Prince is sacrilege to honour
'Tis vertues scandall, death of Royalty,
I blush to see my shame; Nephew sit downe
Iustice that smiles on those on him must frowne,
Speake freely Captaine, where found you him wounded?

Capt. Betweene the widowes house and these crosse neighbours,
Besides an Artificiall Ladder made of ropes
Was fastned to her window, which he confest
He brought to rob her of Iewels and coine.
My knowledge yeelds no further circumstance.

Duke. Thou know'st too much, would I were past all knowledge,
I might forget my griefe springs from my shame,
Thou monster of my bloud, answere in briefe
To these Assertions made against thy life.
Is thy soule guilty of so base a fact?

Mend. I do confesse I did entend to rob her,
In the attempt I fell and hurt my selfe.
Lawes thunder is but death, I dread it not,
So my *Lentulus* honour be preseru'd
From black suspition of a lustfull night.

Duke. Thy head's the forfeit for thy hearts offence,
Thy blouds prerogatiue may claime that fauour,
Thy person then to death doomb'd by iust lawes,
Thy death is infamous, but worse the cause,

Enter ISABELLA *alone* GNIACA *following her.*

X *Isab.* O heau'ns that I was borne to be hates slaue,
The foode of Rumor, that deuour's my fame;
I am cal'd Insatiate Countesse, lusts Paramowre
A glorious deuill, and the noble whore,
I am sick, vext, and tormented, O reuenge.

Gniac. On whom would my *Isabella* be reueng'd?

Isab. Vpon a Viper, that does get mine honour,
I will not name him till I be reueng'd,
See, here's the Libels are diuulg'd against me,

An euerlasting scandall to my name.
And thus the villaine writes in my disgrace.
Shee reads. Who loues *Isabella* the insatiate,
Needs *Atlas* back for to content her lust,
That wandring Strumpet, and chaste wedlockes hate,
That renders truth: deceipt, for loyall trust,
That sacrilegious thiefe to *Himens* rights,
Making her lust her God, heau'n her delights.
Swell not proud heart, I'le quench thy griefe in blood,
Desire in woman cannot be withstood.
Gniac. I'le be thy Champion sweet 'gainst all the world,
Name but the villaine that defames thee thus.
Isab. Dare thy hand execute, whom my tongue condemnes,
Then art thou truely valiant, mine for euer,
But if thou fain'st, hate must our true loue seuer.
Gniac. By my dead fathers soule, my mothers vertues,
And by my Knight-hood, and Gentility; I'le be reueng'd
On all the Authors of your Obloquie: Name him.
Isab. Rogero. Gniac. Ha.
Isab. What, does his name affright thee coward Lord?
Be mad *Isabella*, curse on thy reuenge,
This Lord was Knighted for his fathers worth,
Nor his owne.
Farewell thou periur'd man, I'le leaue you all,
You all conspire to worke mine honours fall.
Gniac. Stay *Isabella*, were he my fathers sonne,
Composed of me, he dies,
Delight still keepe with thee: go in. *Isab.* Thou art iust:
Reuenge to me is sweeter now then lust.

Enter GVIDO: *they see one another, and draw, and make a passe, then enter* ANNA.

Anna. What meane you Nobles, will you kill each other?
Ambo. Hold.
Guid. Thou shame to friendship, what intends thy hate?
Gniac. Loue armes my hand, makes my soule valiant,
Isabella's wrongs now sits vpon my sword,

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To fall more heauy to thy cowards head,
Then thunderbolts vpon *Ioues* rifted Oakes:
Deny thy scandall, or defend thy life.
Guid. What? hath thy faith and reason left thee both?
That thou art onely flesh without a soule:
Hast thou no feeling of thy selfe and me?
Blinde rage that will not let thee see thy selfe.
Gniac. I come not to dispute, but execute:
And thus comes death. *Another passe.*
Guid. And thus I breake thy dart, her'es at thy whores face.
Gniac. 'Tis mist: heere's at thy heart, stay, let vs breathe.
Guid. Let reason gouerne rage, yet let vs leaue,
Although most wrong be mine, I can forgiue:
In this attempt, thy shame will euer liue.
Gniac. Thou hast wrong'd the Phœnix of all women rarest,
She that's most wise, most louing, chaste and fairest.
Guid. Thou doteſt vpon a deuill, not a woman,
That ha's bewitcht thee with her Sorcerie,
And drown'd thy soule in leathy faculties,
Her vseleſſe lust has benumb'd thy knowledge,
Thy intelectuall powers obliuion smothers,
That thou art nothing but forgetfulneſſe.
Gniac. What's this to my *Isabella*, my sinnes mine owne,
Her faults were none, vntill thou madeſt 'em knowne.
Guid. Leaue her, and leaue thy shame where first thou found'ſt it;
Elſe liue a bond-slaue to diſeaſed lust,
Deuour'd in her gulfe-like appetite:
And infamy shall write thy Epitaph,
Thy memory leaues nothing but thy crimes,
A scandall to thy name in future times.
Gniac. Put vp your weapon, I dare heare you further,
Insatiat lust is Sire still to murther.
Guid. Beleeue it friend, if her heart-bloud were vext,
Though you kill me, new pleasure makes you next:
She lou'd me deerer, then she loues you now,
She'll ne'er be faithfull, has twice broke her vow.
This curse pursues female Adulterie.

They'll ſwimme through bloud for ſinnes varietie.
Their pleaſure like a ſea ground-leſſe and wide,
A womans luſt was neuer ſatiſfied.
Gniac. Feare whiſpers in my breaſt, I haue a ſoule
That bluſhes red, for tending bloudy facts:
Forgiue me friend, if I can be forgiuen,
Thy counſell is the path leades me to heauen.
Guid. I do embrace thy reconciled loue.
Gniac. That death or danger, now ſhall ne'er remoue,
Go tell thy Inſatiate Counteſſe, *Anna*,
We haue eſcap't the ſnares of her falſe Loue,
Vowing for euer to abandon her.
Guid. You haue heard our Reſolution, pray be gone.
Anna. My office euer reſted at your pleaſure,
I was the *Indian*, yet you had the treaſure,
My faction often ſweates, and oft takes cold,
Then gilde true diligence o'er with gold.
Gniac. Thy ſpeech deſerue's it there's gold, *giues her gold.*
Be honeſt now, and not loues Noddy,
Turn'd vp and plaid on whil'ſt thou keep'ſt the ſtock,
'Prethe formally let's ha thy abſence.
Anna. Lords farewell. *Exit Anna.*
Guid. 'Tis Whores and Panders, that makes earth like hell.
Guiac. Now I am got out of luſts Labyrinth,
I will to Venice, for a certaine time,
To recreate my much abuſed ſpirits,
And then reviſite *Pain* and my friend.
Guid. I'le bring you on your way, but muſt returne,
Luſt is like *Aetna*, and will euer burne.
Yet now deſire is quench't flam'd once in height:
Till man knowes hell, he neuer has firme faith. *Exeunt ambo*

Enter Iſabella raging, and Anna.

Iſab. Out ſcritch-Owle meſſenger of my reuenges death
Thou do'ſt belye *Gniaca*, 'tis not ſo.
Ann. Vpon mine honeſtie they are vnited.
Iſab. Thy honeſty? thou vaſſaile to my pleaſure take that,
Strikes her.

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Dar'ſt thou controule me when I ſay no?
Art not my foot-ſtoole, did not I create thee?
And made thee gentle, being borne a beggar:
Thou haſt beene my womans Pandar for a Crowne,
And doſt thou ſtand vpon thy honeſty?

Anna. I am what you pleaſe Madame. Yet 'tis ſo.

Iſab. Slaue, I will ſlit thy tongue, leſſe thou ſay no.

Anna. No, no, no, Madame.

Iſab. I haue my humour, though they now be falſe,
Faint-hearted coward get thee from my ſight,
When villaine, haſt, and come not neere me.

Ann. Madame: I run, her ſight like death doth feare me. *Ex.*

Iſab. Perfidious cowards, ſtaine of Nobility,
Venecians, and be reconcil'd with words?
O that I had *Gnaca* once more here,
Within this priſon made of fleſh and bone,
I'de not truſt Thunder with my fell reuenge,
But mine owne hands ſhall do the dire exploit,
And fame ſhould Chronicle a womans acts:
My rage reſpects the perſons not the facts.
Their place and worths hath power to defame me,
Meane hate is ſtingleſſe, and does onely name me:
I not regard it, 'tis high bloud that ſwels,
Giue me reuenge, and damne me into hels.

Enter Don Sago a Coronell, with a band of Souldiers, and a Lieutenant.

A gallant Spaniard, I will heare him ſpeake,
Greife muſt be ſpeechleſſe, e're the heart can breake.

Sago. Lieutenant let good Diſcipline be vs'd
In quartering of our Troops within the Citie,
Not ſeparated into many ſtreetes,
That ſhewes weake loue, but not ſound policie.
Diuiſion in ſmall numbers makes all weake,
Forces vnited are the nerues of warre,
Mother and nurſe of obſeruation.
Whoſe rare ingenious ſpright, fils all the world

By looking on it selfe with piercing eyes,
Will looke through strangers imbecilities:
Therefore be carefull.
Lieft. All shall be ordered fitting your command,
For these three gifts which makes a souldier rare,
Is loue and duty with a valiant care. *Exeunt Lieft. and Sould.*
Sago. What rariety of women feeds my sight,
And leades my senses in a maze of wonder? *Sees her.*
Bellona, thou wert my Mistresse till I saw that shape
But now my sword, I'le consecrate to her,
Leaue *Mars* and become *Cupids* Martialist,
Beauty can turne the rugged face of warre,
And make him smile vpon delightfull peace,
Courting her smoothly like a femallist,
I grow a slaue vnto my potent loue,
Whose power change hearts, make our fates remoue.
Isab. Reuenge, not pleasure, now o're-rules my bloud,
Rage shall drowne faint loue in a crimson floud.
And were he caught, I'de make him murders hand.
Sago. Me thinkes 'twere ioy to die at her command,
I'le speake to heare her speech, whose powerfull breath,
Is able to infuse life into death.
Isab. He comes to speake: hee's mine, by loue he is mine.
Sago. Lady, thinke bold intrusion curtesie,
'Tis but imagination alters them,
Then 'tis your thoughts, not I, that do offend.
Isab. Sir, your intrusion yet's but curtesie,
Vnlesse your future humor alter it.
Sago. Why then, diuinest woman, know my soule
Is dedicated to thy shrine of beauty,
To pray for mercy, and repent the wrongs
Done against loue, and femall purity.
Thou abstract drawne from natures empty store-house,
I am thy slaue, command my sword, my heart
The soule is try'd best by the bodies smart.
Isab. You are a stranger to this land and me,
What madnesse ist for me to trust you then?
To cosen women is a Trade 'mongst men,

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Smooth promiſes, faint paſſions with a lye,
Deceiues our ſex of fame and chaſtity.
What danger durſt you hazard for my loue?
Sago. Perils that neuer mortall durſt approue,
I'le double all the workes of *Hercules*,
Expoſe my ſelfe in combat 'gainſt an Hoſte,
Meete danger in a place of certaine death,
Yet neuer ſhrinke, or giue way to my Fate;
Bare-breſted meete the murderous Tartars dart,
Or any fatall engine made for death:
Such power ha's loue and beauty from your eyes,
He that dies reſolute, does neuer die:
'Tis feare giues death his ſtrength, which I reſiſted,
Death is but empty Aire, the Fates haue twiſted.
Iſab. Dare you reuenge my quarrell, 'gainſt a foe?
Sago. Then aske me if I dare embrace you thus,
Or kiſſe your hand, or gaze on your bright eye,
Where *Cupid* dances, on thoſe globes of loue,
Feare is my vaſſall, when I frowne he flyes,
A hundred times in life, a coward dies.
Iſab. I not ſuſpect your valour, but your will.
Sago. To gaine your loue, my fathers bloud I'le ſpill.
Iſab. Many haue ſworne the like, yet broke their vow.
Sago. My whole endeuour to your wiſh ſhall bow.
I am your plague to ſcourge your enemies.
Iſab. Performe your promiſe, and enioy your pleaſure,
Spend my loues Dowry, that is womens treaſure:
But if thy reſolution dread the triall,
I'le tell the world a Spaniard was diſloyall.
Sago. Relate your griefe, I long to heare their names,
Whoſe baſtard ſpirits, thy true worth defames:
I'le waſh thy ſcandall off, when their hearts bleeds,
Valour makes difference betwixt words and deeds.
Tell thy fame's poyſon, bloud ſhall waſh thee white.
Iſab. My ſpotleſſe honour is a ſlaue to ſpite:
Theſe are the monſters Venice doth bring forth,
Whoſe empty ſoules are bankerupt of true worth.
Falſe Count *Guido*, treacherous *Gniaca*,

Counteſſe of Gazia, and of rich Maſſino.
Then if thou beeſt a Knight, help the oppreſt,
Through danger ſafety comes, through trouble reſt.
And ſo my loue.

Sago. Ignoble villens, their beſt bloud ſhall proue,
Reuenge fals heauy, that is raiſ'd by loue.

Iſab. Thinke what reproch is to a womans name,
Honor'd by birth, by marriage, and by beauty:
Be God on earth, and reuenge innocence,
O worthy Spaniard, on my knees I begge,
Forget the perſons, thinke on their offence.

Sago. By the white ſoule of honour, by heau'ns *Ioue:*
They die, if their death can attaine your loue.

Iſab. Thus will I clip thy waſte, embrace thee thus: ×
Thus dally with thy haire, and kiſſe thee thus:
Our pleaſures Pothean-like in ſundry ſhapes,
Shall with variety ſtirre daliance.

Sago. I am immortall, O diuineſt creature:
Thou doſt excell the Gods in wit and feature.
Falſe Counts you die, reuenge now ſhakes his rods:
Beauty condemnes you, ſtronger then the Gods.

Iſab. Come *Mars* of louers, *Vulcan* is not here,
Make vengeance like my bed, quite voide of feare.

Sago. My ſences are intranſt, and in this ſlumber,
I taſte heau'ns ioyes, but cannot count the number. *Ex. ambo.*

Enter Lady LENTVLVS ABIGAL *and* THAIS,

Abig. Well Madame: you ſee the deſtiny that followes Marriage,
Our Husbands are quiet now, and muſt ſuffer the Law.

Thais. If my husband had beene worth the begging, ſome Courtier would haue had him: he might be beg'd well enough, for he knowes not his owne wife from another.

Lady Lent. O you're a couple of truſty wenches, to deceiue your husbands thus.

Abig. If we had not deceiu'd them thus, we had been Truſt wenches.

Thais.

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Thais. Our husbands will be hang'd, because they thinke themselues Cuckolds.

Abig. If all true Cuckolds were of that minde, the hangman would be the richest occupation, and more wealthy widowes, then there be yonger brothers to marry them.

Thais, The Marchant Venturers would bee a very small Company.

Abig. 'Tis twelue to one of that, how euer the rest scape, I shall feare a massacre.

Thais. If my husband hereafter for his wealth chance to bee dub'd.
I'le haue him cal'd, the Knight of the supposed horne.

Abig. Faith, and it sounds well.

Lady. Come madcaps leaue iesting, and let's deliuer them out of their earthly purgation; you are the spirits that torment them: but my loue and Lord, kind *Mendosa*, will loose his life, to preserue mine honor, not for hate to others.

Abig. By my troth, if I had beene his iudge, I should haue hang'd him for hauing no more wit, I speake as I thinke, for I would not be hang'd for ne'er a man vnder the heau'ns.

Thais. Faith, I thinke I should for my husband, I doe not hold the opinon of the Philsopher, that writes we loue them best, that we enioy first: for I protest I loue my husband better then any that did know me before.

Abig. So do I, yet life and pleasure, are two sweet things to a woman.

Lady. He that's willing to die to saue mine honor, I'le die to saue his.

Abig. Tut: beleeue it who list, we loue a liuely man I grant you:
But to maintaine that life, I'le neere consent to die.
This is a rule I still will keepe in brest,
Loue well thy husband wench, but thy selfe best.

Thais. I haue followed your counsell hitherto, and meane to do still.

Lady. Come we neglect our businesse, 'tis no iesting,
To morrow they are executed, 'lesse we reprieue them,
We be their destinies to cast their fate.

Let'

Let's all goe. *Abig.* I feare not to come late. *Exeunt.*

Enter Don SAGO *solus, with a case of Pistols.*

Sago. Day was my night, and night must be my day:
The Sunne shin'd on my pleasure, with my loue,
And darknesse must lend aid to my reuenge,
The stage of heau'n, is hung with solemne blacke,
A time best fitting to act Tragedies,
The nights great Queene, that maiden Gouernesse
Musters black clouds, to hide her from the world,
Afraide to looke on my bold enterprise.
Curs'd creatures messengers of death, possesse the world,
Night-rauens, scritch-owles, and vote-killing Mandrakes,
The ghosts of misers, that impriſon'd gold,
Within the harmeleſſe bowels of the earth,
Are nights companions: bawdes to lust and murder,
Be all propitious to my act of iustice:
Vpon the scandalizers of her fame,
That is the life-bloud of deliciousnesse,
Deem'd *Isabella, Cupids* Treasurer.
Whose soule containes the richest gifts of loue:
Her beauty from my heart, feare doth expell;
They relliſh pleasure best, that dread not hell.
Who's there? *Enter Count Rogero.*

Rog. A friend to thee, if thy intents be iust and honorable.

Sago. Count *Rogero*, speake, I am the watch.

Rog. My name is *Rogero:* do'ſt thou know me?

Sago. Yes slanderous villen, nurse of Obloquie,
Whose poysoned breath, has speckl'd cleare fac't vertue,
And made a Leper of *Isabella's* fame,
That *is* as spotlesse, as the eye of heau'n.
Thy vitall threds a cutting, start not slaue,
He's sure of sudden death, heau'n cannot saue.

Rog. Art not *Gniaca* turn'd Apostata, has pleasure once againe
Turn'd thee againe a deuill, art not *Gniaca*? hah!

Sago. O that I were, then would I stab my selfe,
For he is mark't for death, as well as thee:

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I am *Don Sago* thy mortall enemie,
Whose hand loue makes thy executioner.
Rog. I know thee valiant Spaniard, and to thee
Murders more hatefull, then is sacrilege,
Thy actions euer haue been honourable.
Sago. And this the crowne of all my actions,
To purge the earth, of such man turn'd monster.
Rog. I neuer wrong'd thee Spaniard, did I? speake,
I'le make thee satisfaction like a Souldier, *Tell him all*
A true Italian, and a Gentleman: *the Plot.*
Thy rage is treacherie without a cause.
Sago. My rage is iust, and thy heart bloud shall know;
He that wrongs beauty, must be honours foe:
Isabel's quarrell, armes the Spaniards spirit.
Rog. Murder should keepe with baseneſſe, not with merit:
I'le answere thee to morrow by my soule,
And cleare thy doubts, or satiſfie thy will.
Sago. He's warres best scholler, can with safety kill,
Take this to night, now meete with me to morrow. *Shootes.*
I come *Isabella*, halfe thy hate is dead,
Valour makes murder light, which feare makes dead.
Capt. The pistoll was shot heere, seize him, *Enter Capt.*
Bring lights, what *Don Sago* Colonel of the horse? *with a band*
Ring the Alarum bell, raise the whole Citie, *of Soldiers.*
His Troupes are in the Towne, I feare treacherie:
Whose this lies murdered, speake bloud thirsty Spaniard.
Sago. I haue not spoil'd his face, you may know his visnomy.
Capt. 'Tis Count *Rogero*, go conuey him hence.
Thy life proud Spaniard, answeres this offence.
A strong guard for the prisoner, 'lesse the Cities powers
Rise to rescue him. *Begirt him with Souldiers.*
Sago. What needs this strife?
Know slaues, I prize reuenge aboue my life.
Fames registe to future times shall tell
That by *Don Sago*, Count *Rogero* fell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Quarti

Actus quintus Scæna prima.

Enter MEDINA, *the dead body of* GVIDO, *Alias Count Arſeua, and Souldiours, Don Sago guarded, Executioner, Scaffold.*

MEDINA.

DOn *Sago* quak'ſt thou not to behold this ſpectacle,
This innocent ſacrifice murdred nobleneſſe,
When bloud, the Maker euer promiſeth,
Shall, though with ſlow, yet, with ſure vengeance reſt.
It is a guerdon earn'd, and muſt bee paide,
As ſure reuenge, as it is ſure a deed:
I ne'er knew murder yet, but it did bleed.
Canſt thou after ſo many fearefull conflicts,
Betweene this obiect, and thy guilty conſcience,
Now thou art freed from out the ſerpents Iawes,
That vilde Adultereſſe, whoſe ſorceries
Doth draw chaſte men into incontinence:
Whoſe tongue flowes ouer with harmefull eloquence.
Canſt thou I ſay repent this hainous Act,
And learne to loath that killing Cockatice?

Sago. By this freſh bloud, that from thy manly breſt,
I cowardly ſluct out, I would in hell,
From this ſad minute, ſtill the day of doome:
To re-inſpire vaine *Æſculapius.*
And fill theſe crimſon conduits, feele the fire
Due to the damned, and this horrid fact.

Medina. Vpon my ſoule, braue Spaniard, I beleeue thee.

Sago. O ceaſe to weepe in blood, or teach me too,
The bubbling wounds, do murmure for reuenge:
This is the end of luſt, where men may ſee,
Murders the ſhadow of adultery:
And followes it to death.

Medina. But hopefull Lord, we do commiſerate,
Thy bewitch't fortunes, a free pardon giue;
On this thy true and noble penitence.

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With all we make thee Colonell of our horse,
Leuied against the proud Venetian state.
Sago. *Medina*, I thanke not, giue life to him,
That sits with *Risus*, and the full cheekt *Bacchus*,
The rich and mighty Monarchs of the earth:
To me life is ten times more terrible,
Then death can be to me, O breake my breast:
Diuines, and dying men, may talke of hell,
But in my heart the seuerall torments dwell.
What *Tanais*, *Nilus*? or what *Tioris* swift?
What *Rhenus* ferier then the Cataract?
Although *Neptolis* cold, the waues of all the Northerne Sea,
Should flow for euer, through these guilty hands,
Yet the sanguinolent staine would extant be.
Medina. God pardon thee, we do.
Enter a messenger. *A shout.*
Messenger. The Countesse comes my Lord, vnto the death:
But so vnwillingly, and vnprepar'd,
That she is rather forst, thinking the summe
She sent to you of twenty thousand pound,
Would haue assured her of life.
Medina. O heauens!
Is she not weary yet of lust and life?
Had it beene *Cressus* wealth, she should haue dyed;
Her goods by law, are all confiscate to vs,
And die she shall: Her lust
Would make a slaughter-house of Italy.
E're she attain'd to foure and twenty yeares,
Three Earles, one Vicount, and this valiant Spaniard,
Are knowne to a beene the fuell to her lust:
Besides her secret louers, which charitably
I iudge ro haue beene but few, but some they were,
Heere is a glasse, wherein to view her soule,
A Noble, but vnfortunate Gentleman,
Cropt by her hand, as some rude passenger
Doth pluck the tender Roses in the budde,
Murder and lust, the least of which is death,
And hath she yet any false hope of breath?

Enter

Enter ISABELLA, *with her haire hanging downe, a chaplet of flowers on her head, a nosegay in her hand, Executioner before her, and with her a Cardinall.*

Isab. What place is this?
Card. Madame, the Castle Greene.
Isab. There should be dancing on a greene I thinke.
Card. Madame: to you none other then your dance of death.
Isab. Good my Lord Cardinall do not thunder thus,
I sent to day to my Phisition,
And as he say's he findes no signe of death.
Card. Good Madame, do not iest away your soule.
Isab. O seruant, how hast thou betrai'd my life? *To Sago.*
Thou art my deerest louer now I see.
Thou wilt not leaue me, till my very death.
Bless'd be thy hand, I sacrifice a kisse
To it and vengeance: worthily thou didst,
He died deseruedly, not content to enioy
My youth and beauty, riches and my fortune:
But like a Chronicler of his owne vice,
In Epigrams and Songs, he tun'd my name,
Renown'd me for a Strumpet in the Courts,
Of the French King, and the great Emperour.
Didst thou not kill him drunke?
Medina. O shameless woman!
Isab. Thou shouldst, or in the embraces of his lust,
It might haue beene a womans vengeance.
Yet I thanke thee *Sago*, and would not wish him liuing
Were my life instant ransome.
Card. O Madame: in your soule haue charity.
Isab. There's mony for the poore. *Giues him mony.*
Card. O Lady this is but a branch of charity,
An ostentation, or a liberall pride;
Let me instruct your soule, for that, I feare,
Within the painted sepulchre of flesh,
Lies in a dead consumption: good Madame, read, *giues a booke.*
Isab. You put me to my booke my Lord, will

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not that saue me?

Card. Yes Madame, in the euerlasting world.

Sago. Amen, Amen.

Isab. While thou wert my seruant, thou hast euer said,
Amen to all my wishes, witnesse this spectacle:
Where's my Lord *Medina*?

Medina. Heere *Isabella*. What would you?

Isab. May we not be reprieu'd?

Medina. My honours past, you may not.

Isab. No, 'tis my honour past.

Medina. Thine honours past indeed.

Isab. Then there is no hope of absolute remission.

Medina. For that your holy Confessor will tell you,
Be dead to this world, for I sweare you die,
Were you my fathers daughter.

Isab. Can you do nothing my Lord Cardinall?

Card. More then the world sweet Lady, help to saue
What hand of man, wants power to destroy.

Isab. You'r all for this world, then why not I?
Were you in health and youth, like me my Lord,
Although you merited the Crowne of life,
And stood in state of grace, assur'd of it:
Yet in this fearefull separation,
Old as you are, e'ne till your lateſt gaspe,
You'd craue the helpe of the Physition:
And wish your daies lengthn'd one summer longer,
Though all be griefe, labour and misery,
Yet none will part with it as I can see.

Medina. Vp to the scaffold with her, 'tis late.

Isab. Better late then neuer good my Lord, you thinke
You vse square dealing, *Medina's* mighty Duke:
Tyrant of *France*, sent hither by the deuill. *She ascends the*

Medina. The fitter to meete you. *Scaffold.*

Card. Peace: Good my Lord, in death do not prouoke her.

Isab. Seruant, low as my destiny I kneele to thee, *To Sago.*
Honouring in death, thy manly loyalty:
And what so e'er become of my poore soule,
The ioyes of both worlds euermore be thine,

Commend me to the Noble Count *Gniaca*,
That should haue shared thy valour, and my hatred:
Tell him I pray his pardon, and
Medina, art yet inspir'd from heau'n,
Shew thy Creators Image: be like him,
Father of mercy.

Medina. Head's man, do thine office.

Isab. Now, God lay all thy sinnes vpon thy head,
And sinke thee with them, to infernall darknesse,
Thou teacher of the furies cruelty.

Card. O Madame teach your selfe a better prayer,
This is your latest houre.

Isab. He is mine enemy, his sight torments me,
I shall not die in quiet.

Med. I'le be gone: off with her head there.

Isab. Tak'st thou delight to torture misery?
Such mercy find thou in the day of doome.

Sould. My Lord: here is a holy Frier desires, *Enter Roberto*
To haue some conference with the prisoners. *Count of Cipres*

Rob. It is in priuate, what I haue to say, *in Friers weeds.*
With fauour of your father-hood.

Card. Frier: in Gods name welcome. *Roberto ascends.*

Rob. Lady, it seemes your eye is still the same, *to Isabella.*
Forgetfull of what most it should behold,
Do not you know me then?

Isab. Holy Sir: so farre your are gone from my memory,
I must take truce with time, ere I can know you.

Rob. Beare record all, you blessed Saints in heau'n,
I come not to torment thee in thy death:
For of himselfe hee's terrible enough.
But call to minde a Lady like your selfe,
And thinke how ill in such a beauteous soule
Vpon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasie and vile reuolt would shew
Withall imagine that she had a Lord,
Iealous the Aire should rauish her chaste looke
Doating like the creator in his models,
Who veiwes them euery minute, and with care

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Mixt in his feare of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous *Italy*,
More common then the looser songs of *Petrarch*:
To euery seuerall *Zanies* instrument,
And he poore wretch, hoping some better fate,
Might call her back from her Adulterate purpose:
Liues in obscure, and almost vnknowne life,
Till hearing, that she is condemn'd to die:
For he once lou'd her, lends his pined corps,
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour
Where drown'd in woe: at her so dismall chance,
He claspes her: thus he fals into a trance.

Isab. O my offended Lord lift vp your eyes:
But yet auert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you enioyed the lawfull pleasure,
To which belongs, nor feare, nor publique shame:
I might haue liu'd in honour, died in fame.
Your pardon on my faultring knees I begge:
Which shall confirme more peace vnto my death,
Then all the graue instructions of the Church.

Rob. Pardon belongs vnto my holy weeds,
Freely thou hast it, farewell my *Isabella*.
Let thy death ransome thy soule, O die a rare example,
The kisse thou gau'st me in the Church, here take,
As I leaue thee, so thou the world forsake. *Exit Roberto.*

Clar. Rare accident, ill welcome noble Lord:
Madame, your executioner desires you to forgiue him.

Isab. Yes and giue him too, what must I do my friend?

Executioner. Madame: onely tie vp your haire.

Isab. O these golden nets,
That haue insnar'd so many wanton youthes,
Not one but has beene held a thrid of life,
And superstitiously depended on,
Now to the block, we must vaile: what else?

Executioner. Madame: I must entreate you blind your eies.

Isab. I haue liued too long in darknesse my friend:
And yet mine eyes with their Maiesticque light,
Haue got new Muses, in a Poets spright.

They

They haue beene more gazed at then the God of Day:
Their brightnes neuer could be flattered,
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of Lawne,
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light,
What else?

Executioner. Now Madame, all's done,
And when you please, Ile execute my office.

Isab. We will be for thee strait.
Giue me your blessing my Lord Cardinall:
Lord, I am well prepar'd:
Murder and Lust, downe with my ashes sincke:
But like ingratefull seed perish in earth,
That you may neuer spring against my soule,
Like weeds to choake it in the heau'nly haruest,
I fall to rise, mount to thy Maker, spirit,
Leaue heere thy body, death haz her demerit. *Strikes.*

Card. An host of Angels be thy conuoy hence.

Med. To funerall with her body: and this Lords,
None here (I hope) can taxe vs of iniustice:
She died deseruedly, and may like Fate
Attend all women so insatiate. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Amago, *the Duke, the Watch, and Senators.*

Duke I am amazed at this maze of wonder,
Wherein no threed or clew presents it selfe,
To winde vs from the obscure passages:
What sayes my Nephew?

Watch. Still resolute my Lord, and doth confesse the theft.

Duke Wee'l vse him like a fellon, cut him off,
For feare he doe pollute our sounder parts.
Yet why should he steale,
That is a loaden Vine? riches to him,
Were adding Sands into the Libian shoare,
Or farre lesse charitie: What say the other prisoners?

Watch. Like men my Lord, fit for the other world,
They tak't vpon their death, they slew your Nephew.

Duke And he is yet aliue: keepe them asunder
Wee may sent out the wile.

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Enter CLARIDIANA *and* ROGERO *bound: with a Frier and Officers.*

Rog. My friend; is it the rigor of the Law
I should be tyed thus hard, I'le vndergoe it:
If not, prethee then slacken; yet I haue deseru'd it,
This murder lies heauy on my conscience.
Clarid. Wedlocke, I here's my wedlocke; O whore, whore, whore. *Frier.* O Sir be quallified.
Clarid. Sir: I am to die a dogs death, and will snarle a little
At the old Signior, you are onely a Parenthesis,
Which I will leaue out of my execrations: but first
To our *quondam* wiues, that makes vs cry our Vowels
In red Capitall letters, I o v are cuckolds, O may
Bastard bearing with the panges of childbirth, be
Doubled to him: may they haue euer twins
And be three weekes in trauell betweene, may they be,
So Riuell'd with painting by that time they are thirty, that it
May be held a worke of condigne merit
But to looke vpon 'em, may they liue,
To ride in triumph in a dung-cart (too't:
And be crown'd with all the odious ceremonies belonging
May the cucking stoole be their recreation,
And a dungeon their dying chamber:
May they haue nine liues like a Cat, to endure this and more;
May they be burnt for witches of a sodaine:
And lastly, may the opinion of Philosophers
Proue true, that women haue no soules.

Enter THAIS, *and* ABIGAL.

Thais. What husband? at your prayers so seriously?
Clar. Yes: a few orisons; Frier, thou that stand'st betweene
The soules of men and the deuill,
Keepe these female spirits away,
Or I will renounce my faith else.
Abig. Oh husband, I little thought to see you in this taking.
Rog. O whore, I little thought to see you in this taking,

I am

I am gouernour of this Caſtle of cornets,
My graue will be ſtumbl'd at, thou adultrate whore,
I might haue liu'd like a Marchant.
Abig. So you may ſtill husband.
Rog. Peace, thou art very quicke with me.
Abig. I by my faith, and ſo I am husband,
Belike you know I am with child.
Rog. A baſtard, a baſtard, a baſtard,
I might haue liu'd like a Gentleman,
And now I muſt die like a Hanger on:
Shew trickes vpon a wodden horſe,
And runne through an Alphabet of ſcuruie faces:
Do not expect a good looke from me.
Abig. O me vnfortunate!
Clar. O to thinke whilſt we are ſinging the laſt Hymne,
And ready to be turn'd off,
Some new tune is inuenting, by ſome Metermonger,
To a ſcuruy Ballad of our death.
Againe at our funerall Sermons,
To haue the Diuine diuide his Text into faire branches:
Oh. fleſh and bloud cannot endure it,
Yet I will take it patiently like a graue man:
Hang-man tie not my halter of a true louers knot,
I ſhall burſt it if thou dooſt.
Thais. Husband, I do beſeech you on my knees,
I may but ſpeake with you. I'le win your pardon,
Or with teares like *Niobe*, bedewa.
Clar. Hold thy water Crocodile, and ſay I am bound
To do thee no harme: were I free, yet I could not
Be looſer then thou: For thou art a whore.
Agamemnons daughter that was ſacrific'd
For a good wind, felt but a blaſt of the torments
Thou ſhould'ſt indure, I'de make thee ſwownd
Oftner, then that fellow, that by his continuall practiſe,
Hopes to become Drum Maior.
What ſaiſt thou to tickling to death with bodkins?
But thou haſt laught too much at me already, whore.
Iuſtice, O Duke, and let me not hang in ſuſpence.

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Abig. Husband: Ile naile me to the earth,
But Ile winne your pardon:
My Iewels, Ioynture, all I haue shall flie:
Apparrell, bedding, Ile not leaue a rugge,
So you may come off fairely.

Clarid. Ile come off fairely. Then beg my pardon,
I had rather Chirurgions Hall should beg my dead body
For an Anatomie, then thou begge my life:
Iustice, O Duke, and let vs die.

Duke Signior, thinke, and dally not with heauen,
But freely tell vs, did you doe the murther?

Rogero. I haue confest it to my ghostly Father,
And done the Sacrament of Penance for it:
What would your Highnesse more?

Clar. The like haue I: what would your Highnesse more?
And heere before you all tak't on my death.

Duke In Gods name then, on to the death with them,
For the poore widdows that you leaue behinde,
Though by the Law, their goods are all confiscate,
Yet wee'l be their good Lord, and giue em them.

Clar. O hell of hels! Why did not we hire some villaine to fire our houses?

Rog. I thought not of that,
My minde was altogether of the gallowes.

Clar. May the wealth I leaue behind me help to damne her:
And as the curst fate of a Curtezan,
What she gleanes with her traded art,
May one as a most due plague cheate from hir,
In the last dotage of her tyred lust,
And leaue her an vnpitied age of woe.

Rogero. Amen, Amen.

Watch. I neuer heard men pray more feruently.

Roger. O that a man had the instinct of a Lion!
He knows when the Lioncsse play's false to him:
But these solaces, these women,
They bring man to gray haires before he be thirtie:
Yet they cast out such mists of flattery from their breath,
That a man's lost again; sure I fel into my mariage bed drunk,

Like

Like the Leopard: wel, with ſober eies would I had auoided it;
Come graue, and hide me from my blaſted fame. *Exeunt ambo*
O that thou could'ſt aſwell conceale my ſhame! *with Officers.*
Thais Your pardon and your fauor, gracious Duke: *Women*
At once we doe implore, that haue ſo long *kneele*
Deceiu'd your royall expectation,
Aſſur'd that the comicke knitting vp,
Will moue your ſpleene vnto the proper vſe
Of mirth, your naturall inclination:
And wipe away the watry coloured anger
From your inforced cheeke:
Faire Lord, beguile them,
And y'are ſau'd with a pleaſing ſmile.
Duke Now by my life I doe: Faire Ladies riſe,
In'er did purpoſe any other end,
To them and theſe deſignes.
I was inform'd,
Of ſome notorious error, as I ſate in iudgement:
And doe you heare? theſe night-works require a Cats eies,
To impierce deiected darknes: call backe the priſoners.
Clar. Now what other troubled newes, *Enter Clarid.*
That we muſt backe thus? *and Rogero,*
Haz any Senator beg'd my pardon, *with Officers.*
Vpon my wifes proſtitution to him.
Rog. What a ſpit's this! I had kept in my breath of purpoſe,
Thinking to goe away the quieter, and muſt we now backe?
Duke Since you are to die, wee'l giue you winding ſheetes,
Wherein you ſhall be ſhrowded aliue,
By which we winde out all theſe miſeries,
Segnior *Rogero*, beſtow a while your eye,
And reade here of your true wiues chaſtitie. *Giues him a letter.*
Rog. Chaſtitie! Ile ſooner expect a Ieſuites recantation,
Or the great Turkes conuerſion, then her chaſtitie.
Pardon, my Liege, I will not truſt mine eies:
Women and Diuels will deceiue the wiſe.
Duke The like ſir is apparant on your ſide. *To tother.*
Clar. Who, my wife chaſte! haz your Grace your ſence?
Ile ſooner beleeue

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A coniurer may say his prayers with zeale,
Then her honesty. Had she beene an Hermaphrodite
I would scarce haue giuen credite to you,
Let him that hath drunke loues drugs trust a woman,
By heau'n, I thinke, the aire is not more common.
Duke. Then we impose a strickt command vpon you;
On your Allegeance, reade what there is writ.
Clar. A writ of errour on my life, my Liege.
Duke. You'll finde it so I feare.
Cla. What haue we here, the Art of Brachigraphy? *Looks on't.*
Thais. He's stung already, as if his eyes were turn'd on *Persies* shield.
There motion is fixt, like to the poole of Stix.
Abig. Yonders our flames, and from the hollow Arches,
Of his quicke eyes, comes commet traines of fire:
Bursting like hidden furies, from their Canes, *Reades.*
Your's till he sleepe, the sleepe of all
The world, *Rogero.*
Rog. Marry and that Lethargie seize you, read againe.
Clar. Thy seruant so made by his stars, *Rogero, Reads againe.*
A fire on your wandring starres *Rogero.*
Rog. Sathan, why hast thou tempted my wife? *To Clarid.*
Clar. Peace, seducer, I am branded in the fore-head
With your starre-marke. May the stars drop vpon thee,
And with their sulphure vapours choake thee, e're thou
Come at the Gallowes.
Rog. Stretch not my patience *Mahomet.*
Clar. Termagant, that will stretch thy patience.
Rog. Had I knowne this I would haue poyson'd thee in the Chalice.
This morning, when we receiued the Sacrament. (ter,
Clar. Slaue, know'st thou this? 'tis an Appendix to the Let-
But the greater temptation is hidden within.
I will scowre thy gorge like a Hawk: thou shalt swallow thine
owne stone in this letter, *They bustle.*
Seal'd and deliuered in the presence of.
Duke. Keepe them asunder, list to vs, we command.
Clar. O violent villaine, is not thy hand hereto?

And

And writ in bloud to shew thy raging lust?

Thais. Spice of a new halter, when you go a ranging thus like Deuils, would you might burne for't as they do:

Rog. Thus 'tis to lye with another mans wife:
He shall be sure to heate on't againe.
But we are friends, sweete ducke, *Kisse her.*
And this shall be my maxime all my life,
MAN neuer happy is till in a wife.

Clar. Heere sunke our hate lower then any whirle-poole.
And this chaste kisse I giue thee for thy care. *Kisse.*
That fame of women full as wise as faire.

Duke. You haue sau'd vs a labour in your loue.
But Gentlemen, why stood you so prepostrously?
Would you haue head-long run to infamy,
In so defam'd a death?

Rog. O my Leige, I had rather rore to death with *Phalaris* Bull, then *Darius*-like, to haue one of my wings extend to *Atlas*, the other to *Europa*.
What is a Cuckold, learne of me,
Few can tell his pedigree,
Nor his subtill nature conster,
Borne a man, but dies a monster.
Yet great Antiquaries say,
They spring from our *Methusala*,
Who after *Noahs* floud was found,
To haue his Crest with branches crown'd,
God in *Edens* happy shade,
This same creature made:
Then to cut off all mistaking,
Cuckolds are of womens making.
From whose snares, good Lord deliuer vs.

Clar. Amen, Amen.
Before I would proue a Cuckold, I would indure a winters pilgrimage in the Frozen Zone.
Goe starke naked through Muscouia, where the Climate is 9. degrees colder then Ice.
And thus much to all marryed men,
Now I see great reason why

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Loue should marry Iealousie:
Since mans best of life is fame,
He had neede preserue the same.
When'tis in a womans keeping,
Let not *Argos* eies be sleeping.
The pox is vnto Panders giuen
By the better powers of heauen.
That containes pure chastitie,
And each virgin soueraignetie,
Wantonly she op't and lost:
Gift whereof, a god might boast.
Therefore, should'st thou *Diana* wed,
Yet be iealous of her bed.

Du. Night, like a Maske, is entred heauens great Hall,
With thousand torches vshering the way:
To *Risus* will we consecrate this Euening,
Like *Missermus* cheating of the bracke.
Wee'l make this night the day. Faire ioyes befall
Vs and our Actions. Are you pleased all? *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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Marston, J.